

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,091



OCTOBER 25, 1890

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN

## ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

## NEWSPAPER.



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LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

THE GRAPHIC, OCTOBER 25, 1890

# THE GEOGRAPHIC

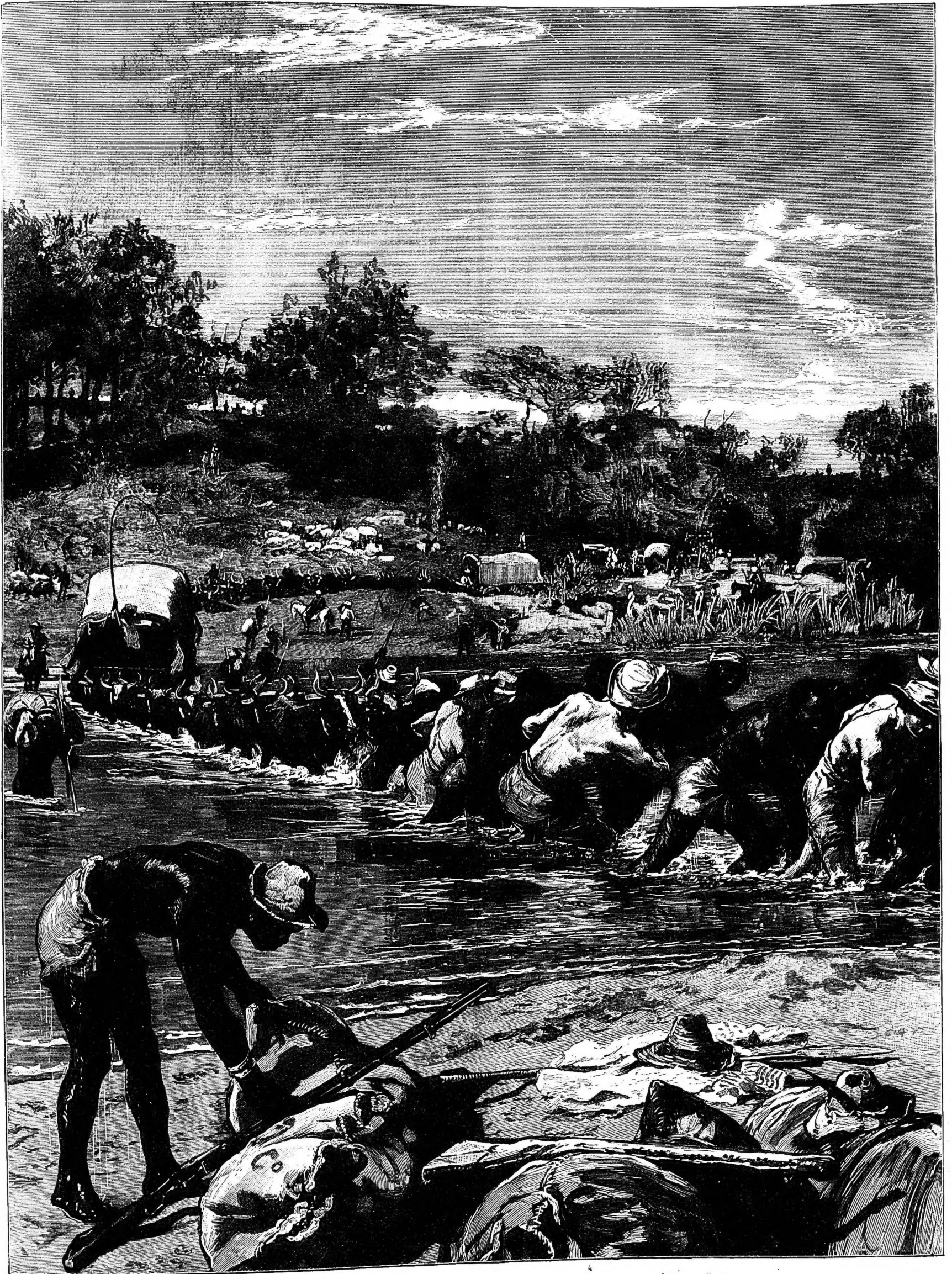
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,091.—Vol. XLII.  
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ÉDITION  
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1890

WITH TWO SUPPLEMENTS [PRICE NINEPENCE  
By Post 9½d.]



CROSSING A STREAM

THE PIONEER CORPS OF THE BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA COMPANY ON THE WAY TO MASHONALAND

## Topics of the Week

**MIDLOTHIAN ESSAYS—NEW SERIES.**—The most remarkable point about Mr. Gladstone's present oratorical display—as he himself has stated—is that a man who was nearly seventy when the first series of Midlothian speeches was delivered should be capable of repeating the exploit eleven years later. Nor did the address of Tuesday cause him any serious fatigue, for he was able to attend a concert afterwards, and did not seem particularly in need of the box of voice lozenges which Madame Patti kindly sent him. From a self-interested point of view, Mr. Gladstone did well to begin his course of lectures with a disquisition on the eternal Irish Question. In that branch of politics he can indulge in plenty of vague talk, and, if it is abundantly peppered with abuse of the Government, it is sure to elicit cheers from a sympathetic audience. It is otherwise with such topics as Scotch Disestablishment and the Eight Hours Bill. As the gallant old gentleman prefers always to be on what seems like the winning side, he rather regrets that he spoke so freely in favour of Disestablishment before making sure which way the Caledonian cat was going to jump; while, as regards the Eight Hours question, he has wriggled painfully under Mr. Howorth's merciless heckling. Still, although Ireland is a topic free from personal inconvenience for the veteran orator, it is a topic of which, when treated as Mr. Gladstone treats it, the public are heartily sick. The public are perfectly willing to listen to any practical talk about Ireland, to trustworthy reports, for example, about the potato scarcity, or to plans for relieving the chronic poverty of the congested districts. But all this jabber about the tyranny of the Government—the chief fault of whose Crimes Act is that it is not nearly so stringent as that which Mr. Gladstone got passed so quietly in 1882—this solemn reproduction of stale calumnies which have been exposed over and over again; this studied unfairness towards the men who are responsible for law and order in Ireland, are utterly unworthy of a statesman who still aspires to become the Queen's principal adviser. Mr. Gladstone has of late years shown a lamentable "alacrity in sinking," and even now it would be well for him to "take thought and mend" before reaching the bottom of the quagmire.

**THE DIFFICULTY IN PORTUGAL.**—The most prominent of the German official papers has been taking England to task for her treatment of Portugal. Lord Salisbury is warned that by pressing the claims of Great Britain too urgently he is exposing the Portuguese Throne to danger, and thereby weakening the Monarchical principle in Europe generally. It is a little comic that England should be lectured in this way by the leading official journal of the country which, not so very long ago, took from the King of Denmark the best part of his territory, and afterwards annexed the lands of the King of Hanover and various other potentates. Nevertheless, it is quite true that the Monarchy in Portugal is in considerable peril. For many a day there has been a strong Republican sentiment among the masses of the Portuguese people, and it is not impossible that if General Chrysostomo's Ministry were definitely to recommend the acceptance of the Anglo-Portuguese Convention the result might be a Revolution. England cannot, however, be justly blamed for this state of affairs. She insists only upon what she conceives to be her plain rights, and it is unreasonable to expect that she will abandon them simply in order to save the Portuguese Court from disaster. After all, the acceptance of the Convention might be the best policy even from the Monarchical point of view. It is not certain that it would be followed by a popular outbreak; and if order were maintained, the feeling of submission to the inevitable would be much safer than the present excitement and discontent. If the Convention is not ratified, the position of Portugal in East Africa will soon be less favourable than it is to-day; and that will hardly tend to the growth of loyalty in Lisbon and Oporto.

**SHIPOWNERS AND DOCKERS.**—The announcement that the federated shipowners were seriously meditating a "lock out"—that is what laying up all their vessels would really amount to—was rightly received with incredulity in most quarters. No wonder, either; the mind loses itself in attempting to figure the extent of suffering and loss which such a calamity would involve. Scarcely an industry in the land but would be sorely crippled if not entirely paralysed, while unless the combatants quickly patched up the quarrel, the great ocean-carrying trade which brings such riches to England would be very likely to pass into other hands. In view of such considerations as these, it seems probable enough that the announcement was merely a solemn warning to the dockers to desist from those hostilities which deprive shipowning of nearly all its profits. Matters have come to such an intolerable pass that those engaged in the business may well feel inclined to resort to any remedy, however desperate. Even when they do all that is demanded, and employ none but Trade Unionist workmen, they remain liable to have the quarrels of the dockers with third parties fastened on their shoulders. Coercion meets them at every turn, and only for a very brief time can it be bought off by

concessions. The question is, indeed, whether the shipowners have not shown themselves too squeezable. Had they presented a united front at first, and insisted on their right to employ either unionists or non-unionists as they pleased, the dockers would have probably shown more moderation. But when the latter discovered that their employers always "caved in," they were naturally emboldened to formulate fresh demands. Now, however, that the owners in their turn resort to combination, the whole circumstances of the situation are altered, and the warfare assumes a new and more ominous character. Still, we find it hard to believe that the unnatural strife will ever be carried to such lengths as laying up shipping to the value of eighty or a hundred millions sterling. The owners would have to make out a very strong case indeed to justify such a harsh proceeding before the bar of public opinion.

**ARE GENERAL ELECTIONS NECESSARY?**—In these days, when the steam locomotive and electric wire reduce the whole country, as regards the transmission of news, to the dimensions of a moderate-sized town, by-elections often arouse an enormous amount of interest. If the consciousness that the eyes of the United Kingdom are upon him adds to a man's sense of responsibility, then the electors of Eccles must have felt a deep sense of the important functions they were discharging as they entered the polling places. As much probably has been printed in the newspapers about Eccles since the vacancy was first announced as twenty years ago would have been printed about a General Election. Now, at a General Election a constituency loses all this advantage of publicity; it is merely one of nearly seven hundred seats which are being simultaneously contested, and therefore the result is wont to be largely influenced by petty and personal considerations. Again, why should the country be disturbed every five or six years by what is practically a revolution which, though possibly bloodless, leaves behind it a large legacy of evil passion? The mere expectation of the recurring revolution paralyses our negotiations with foreign countries. Foreign Ministers are well aware that S., with whom they talk to-day, may next year be replaced by G., who holds diametrically opposite views. As matters now stand, the composition of the House of Commons, owing to deaths and resignations, changes with great rapidity. Of course discontented electors should have the power of demanding an election on the deposit of a substantial amount of caution-money, which should be forfeitable unless their votes reached a certain proportion of the whole constituency. General Elections might then be reserved for special occasions, such as the demise of the Crown, or the decision of momentous questions, on the principle of the Swiss Referendum.

**SIBERIA.**—Messrs. O'Brien and Dillon will soon be waxing eloquent about the sufferings of Irish patriots, and no doubt they will awaken in America a vast amount of indignation against British tyranny. It might do them, and the people to whom they appeal, a great deal of good to read the report of a lecture on Siberia delivered the other day by Prince Kropotkin. They might then begin to doubt whether, after all, England is so very cruel, and to have some notion of what the word tyranny really means. Every year 20,000 prisoners are transported to Siberia, and of this number fully half are political offenders, transported "without having seen any sort of judge or magistrate." A man is transported "merely because the police-officer, or chief of the district, thinks it would be better to free the village of his presence." And what comes of the enormous number of persons thus sent into exile? Of half a million sent to Siberia in twenty years only 200,000 remain on the list; and the list does not correspond to the facts, for no fewer than 130,000 of the 200,000 have "disappeared." That is, they have "perished in the gold mines in the far north, or by the way in the long journeys they have been compelled to go." What depths of utter misery are implied in these plain words! Here is despotism indeed—despotism in its crudest form—in comparison with which the woes about which the Dillons and the O'Briens make so great an outcry are like games with children's toys. Prince Kropotkin described transportation to Siberia as "an absolutely useless cruelty;" and in Western Europe most people will agree with him that it would be better for the Russian Government, even from their own point of view, to put an end to it. The Czar can never overcome Nihilism by such means. In making himself responsible for these horrors, he merely feeds the flame he tries to quench.

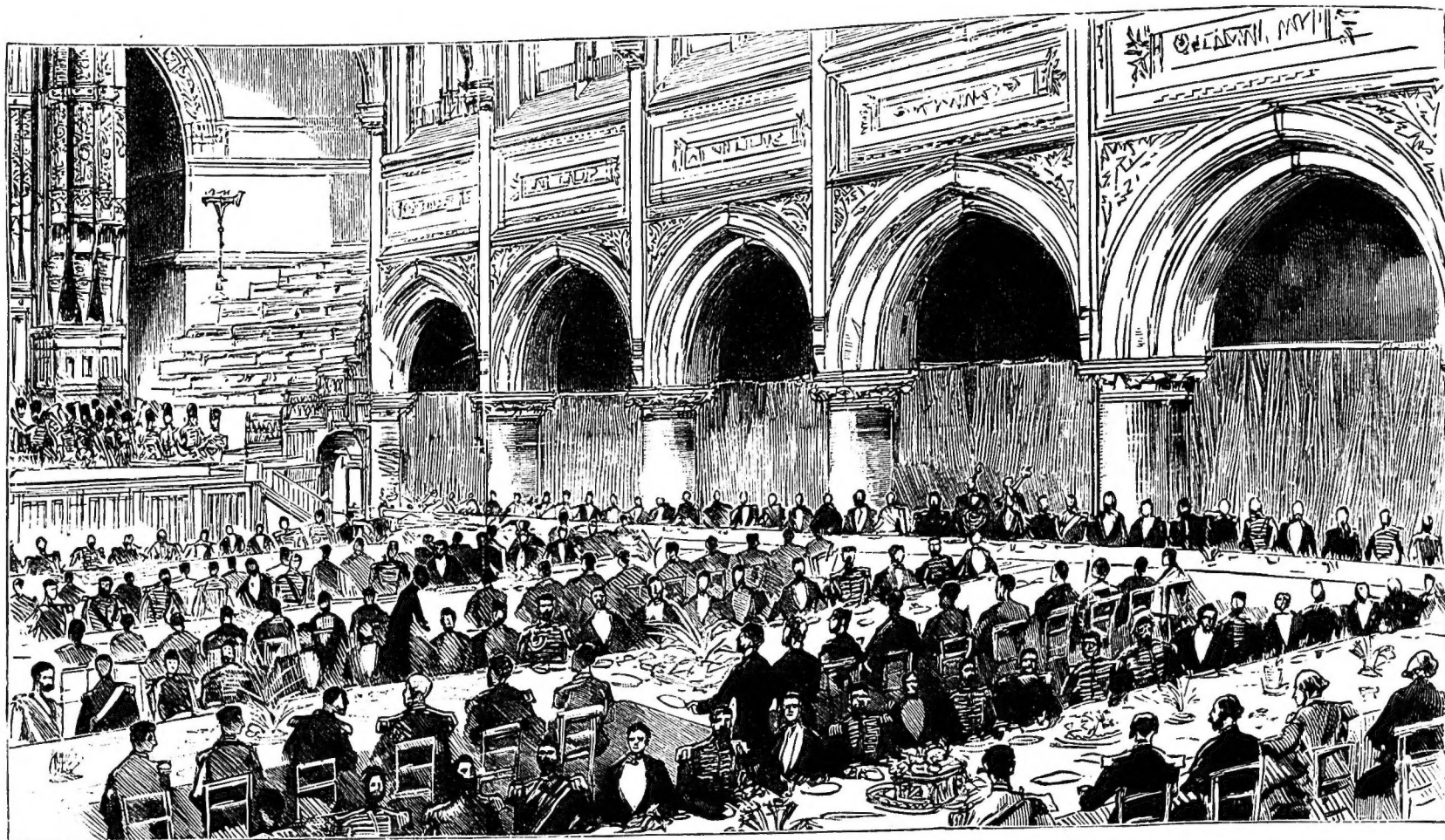
**THE BOOTH SCHEME.**—There is one merit, at all events, that must be allowed to Mr. Booth's scheme for the regeneration of society. It is a bold and, apparently, deeply considered effort to grapple with an exceedingly ugly problem. How are the dregs of London's seething population to be dragged up to the surface, and kept there, until thoroughly sweetened? Mr. Booth's plan of rescue is divided into three stages. In the first, the human wail is to be taught by personal experience that food and shelter can only be secured by honest work. This lesson being thoroughly acquired—its teachers will have need for infinite patience, we fear—the pupil will be made a collector of flotsam and jetsam in the highways and byeways, his gatherings being forwarded to a farm colony down in the country. Thither he himself

will go as soon as his course of expurgation is finished, and, once there, he will gradually develop into a sober, industrious, and prosperous citizen. It is a pleasant dream, and all will wish for its realisation. There are, however, one or two practical obstacles which Mr. Booth has overlooked in his "enthusiasm of humanity." He assumes, for one thing, that the "residuum," as he styles the class he wants to rescue, would readily conform to the prescriptions of discipline. Is that probable? Hardly so; the workhouse is chiefly shunned by these people because they cannot endure its stiff rules and regulations. Another assumption is that they would be willing to do a spell of work in return for a night's lodging and a meagre supper and breakfast. But are not these the conditions for admission to the casual ward, and is it not the case that most of its tenants remain incorrigible vagabonds all their lives? Finally, Mr. Booth takes it for granted that London-bred toilers would not only pass all their lives in the country under a *régime* which did not tolerate a single public-house, but would consider such a dull existence the height of human felicity. We fear that their previous course of training would have to be very long.

**THE NEW WORLD AND ITS IMMIGRANTS.**—One of the advantages of religious persecution is that it drives from their native country valuable people who otherwise would infallibly have stayed at home. Two of the best and most important elements in what once were our American Colonies were obtained from the Puritan exodus of the seventeenth, and the Ulster Presbyterian emigration of the eighteenth centuries. As for the French Huguenots, exiled in 1685, they were a blessing to every country which gave them shelter. Of late years, intolerance having become unfashionable, the most respectable emigrants who repair to the New Worlds of the West and South—the stimulus aroused by gold-mining being marked as an exception—usually quit their homes because of poverty. Many others, however, especially now that the transit is so swift and devoid of hardship, "leave their country for their country's good" in the Barringtonian sense. The fraudulent bankrupt; the man who has run off with some one else's wife, and perhaps with the husband's cash-box as well; the embezzling clerk, whose misdeeds have been hushed up by his friends; all these seek shelter under the star-spangled banner. Then of late years, besides English-speaking evil-doers, the European Continent has poured hordes of more or less lawless persons on to the American shores. To the familiar flocks of Irish and Germans are now added immigrants from more distant countries, such as Hungary and Italy. The recent murder of Mr. Hennessy, the Chief of the New Orleans Police, shows how readily the evil elements of the Old World take root in the New. The Sicilians who assassinated this man brought with them their *Mafia*, with its elaborate apparatus of secret conspiracy and murder. The United States would probably have been a happier and more virtuous, if a less populous and wealthy community, if from the date of Independence they had allowed no one to land without satisfactory proofs of character.

**SIR RICHARD BURTON.**—"Voilà un homme!" said Napoleon when he first saw Goethe. Those who saw Richard Burton for the first time must often have felt disposed to utter a similar exclamation. A more vigorous, manly Englishman did not exist in his generation. In many ways he resembled the great Englishmen of that stirring period about which so much has been said this week in connection with the Armada Memorial. Like them, he was of a restless, fiery spirit, and he was never so happy as when risking his life in the execution of some romantic scheme that had touched his imagination. But he was much more than a mere traveller; he had a strong literary impulse, the products of which will perhaps keep his name alive when even more illustrious travellers have been practically forgotten. In his records of adventure and geographical discovery, Burton had a remarkable power of arresting the attention of readers and awakening their interest in the minutest details which he chose to weave into his narrative. He had, too, an alert and penetrating intelligence, which enabled him to suggest most ingenious hypotheses for the solution of any problems that happened to come in his way in the many lands he visited. And it was not only as a writer of books of travel that he took a distinguished place in literature; his translation of the masterpiece of Camoens is not likely to be ever surpassed, and scholars will always appreciate his rendering of the "Arabian Nights." Altogether, he was a man of striking power and originality, and England will certainly, in some senses, not soon see his like again.

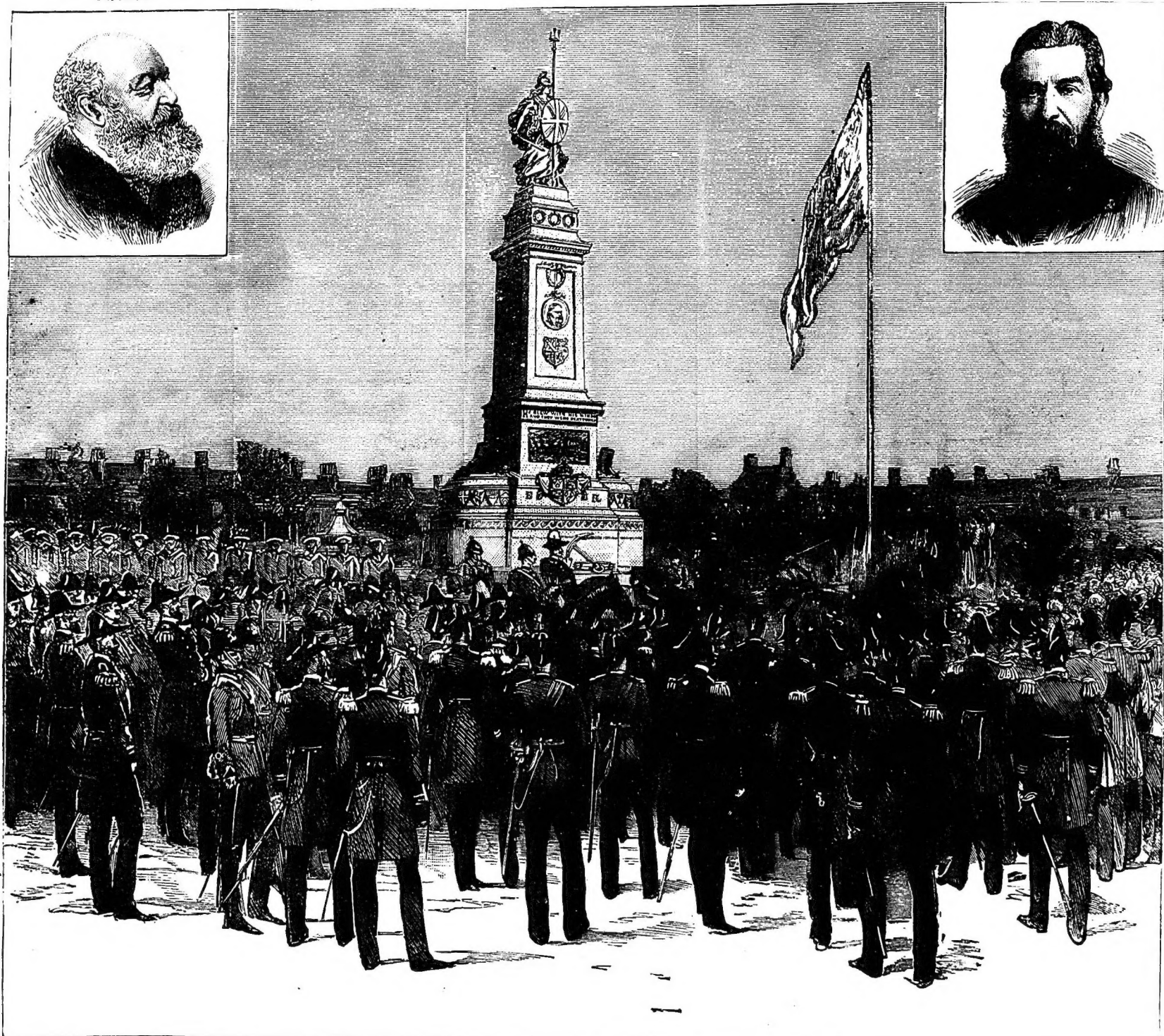
**THE IRISH FAMINE FUND.**—Whatever may be the extent of the potato blight in Ireland, it may be accepted that some parts, and those the most impoverished and congested, are likely to suffer severely during the coming winter. It is quite reasonable, therefore, that humane people on both sides of the Atlantic should be fingering their loose coin on charitable thoughts intent. No sooner, however, is a sovereign or a five-dollar note caught betwixt forefinger and thumb than the would-be donor is thrown all aback by having to make choice between a number of separate competing agencies. The American Fund is for the relief of distress in Ireland, and its managers repudiate any connection with politics. Well and good; one can understand that pro-



THE BANQUET AT THE GUILDHALL

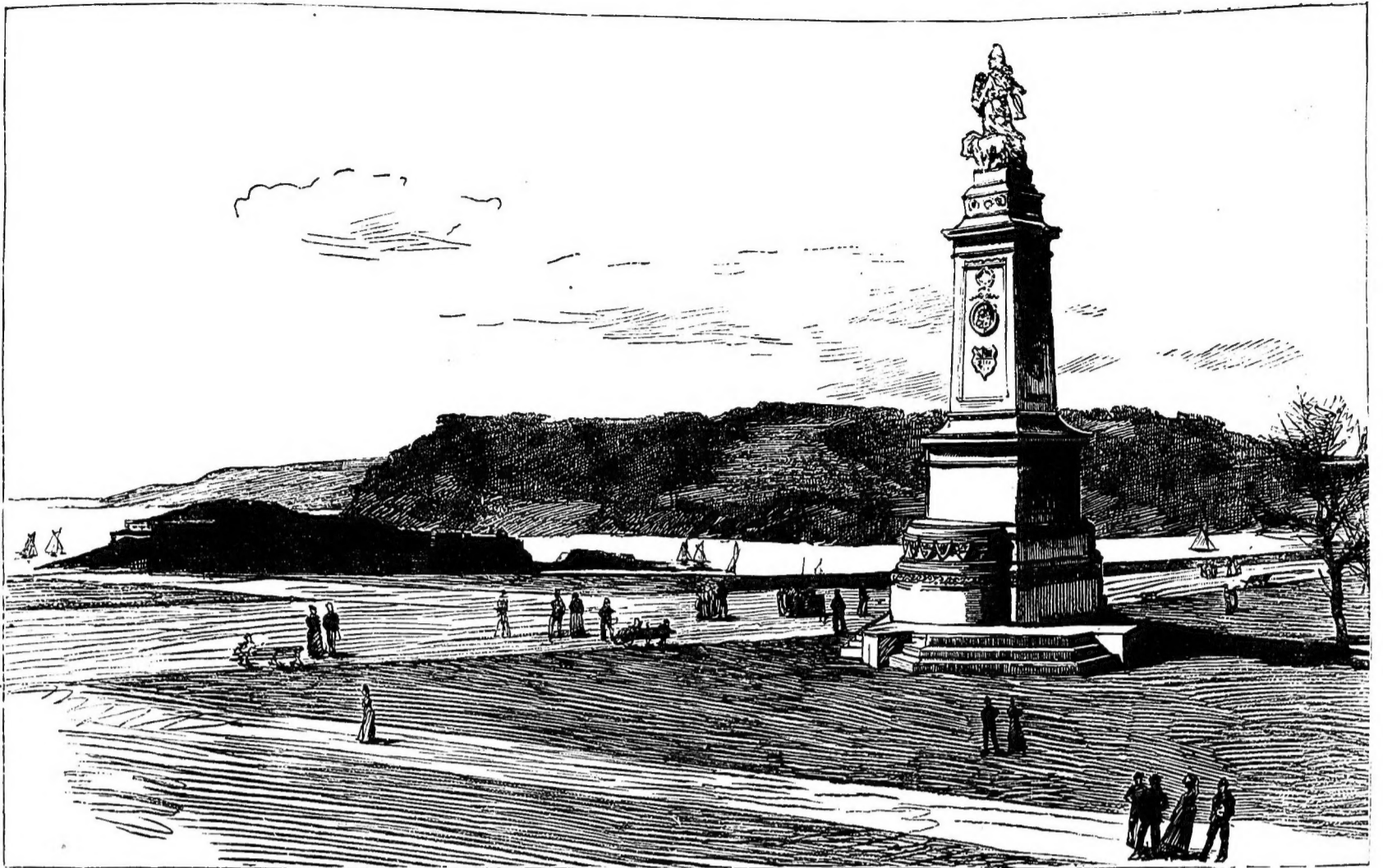
MR. ALDERMAN WARING  
The Mayor

MR. W. H. K. WRIGHT, F.R.H.S.  
Secretary of the Committee



THE UNVEILING CEREMONY—THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH LEAVING FOR THE GUILDHALL

THE NATIONAL ARMADA TERCENTENARY COMMEMORATION MEMORIAL AT PLYMOUTH



THE ARMADA MEMORIAL STATUE—SHOWING ITS POSITION ON THE HOE



THE CIVIC PROCESSION PASSING DOWN GEORGE STREET

THE NATIONAL ARMADA TERCENTENARY COMMEMORATION MEMORIAL AT PLYMOUTH

gramme. But here in England we have a fund which, while also proposing to alleviate suffering in Ireland, includes some very hot politics, indeed, in its bill of fare. As for Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien, one knows not where to have them. At one moment their mission is purely philanthropic; at the next as purely political; later on it becomes an amalgamation of both. What the public want to feel assured of is, that any money they give will be devoted to one purpose or the other. There are numbers of well-to-do Englishmen who would gladly subscribe to save poor Irish folks from starvation, but who would not give a farthing to save the National League from the Bankruptcy Court. Others, again, would leave it to the Government to relieve distress, reserving their own superfluous cash to strengthen the Parnellite treasury. Would it not be well, then, to differentiate plainly between the several funds by allotting to each its proper label? Unless this be done, we may expect to hear it asserted hereafter that the starving Irish peasant was thrust aside in the distribution by the impecunious Irish patriot. Too great circumspection cannot be exercised by Cæsar's wife when she carries round the hat.

**OFFENSIVE SMELLS.**—When one dog gives tongue, the whole pack joins in the music. The copious correspondence in the newspapers, which has succeeded the grievances of authors and publishers, shows that a number of people are the victims of evil odours in and around this big city. Possibly, however, the nuisance is, or seems, worse now than is usually the case. Well-to-do people who have recently returned from fresh country air, are more intolerant of mephitic smells than when their noses have become acclimated to London vapours. Secondly, we have had six weeks of dry weather, and drains are wont under such conditions to give forth mysterious exhalations. Thirdly, the brick-burning season has just begun. Admitting the nuisance, is there any remedy? Frankly, we reply, no remedy which is both practicable and really effectual. As regards the drains something may be done, no doubt, by flushing and deodorising, but it is by no means certain that this would banish the peculiar dry-weather stink above referred to. As regards the brickfields, a law forbidding all such operations within a certain radius would dislocate innumerable industries. Besides, if the brick-burners were made to move on, they would annoy somebody else, and one householder has as much right to protection as ten thousand. We have, however, one small mitigation to offer. Burning clay always gives out a pungent unpleasant odour, even when the fuel is clean. But the smell is rendered worse by the employment of decaying rubbish. Town householders would add to the health of their houses, not merely by having their dust-bins frequently emptied, but by insisting—servants are most neglectful in this particular—that all animal and vegetable refuse shall be burnt, or buried in the garden (if there be one). As good economists ought to save all cinders, there should literally be nothing in the bin but dust and ashes.

**THE SCHOOL BOARD PIANO.**—The London School Board, by its decision to provide pianos for the schools under its charge, has excited much fiery wrath. The incident has been made the occasion for the explosion of a vast amount of pent-up anger, the piano being taken as a symbol of the Board's general extravagance. The idea of most of the malcontents seems to be that only the three R's ought to be taught in the Board Schools. But if instruction in these establishments were carried no further than this, of what real use would the School Boards be? The intention of the Legislature, in creating the present system, surely was to bring education within reach of the humblest classes; and education, in the true sense, is impossible unless, after boys and girls have learned the three R's, they are taught to turn their acquisitions to good account. To say that there ought to be no Board Schools is logical; but it is not logical to say that Board Schools, when they have been set up, shall be of no genuine service to the community. As for the pianos, about which we have heard so much, has there not been some exaggeration in the talk about them? It is not proposed that the children of the working man should be taught, at the expense of the ratepayers, to play the sonatas of Beethoven. All that is intended is that they shall have the benefit of "musical drill"—a kind of exercise in which young people delight, and which has an excellent effect on their health and spirits. Why should any one grudge them this wholesome pleasure? The expense will not be very serious, and there will be a good return for the money if the schools are made brighter and more attractive. At the same time, we do not wish to say anything that might even seem to discourage reasonable economy. The fund at the disposal of the School Board is public property, and not a penny of it should be spent that is really not necessary for efficiency.

**AN UNFORTUNATE SQUADRON.**—The Channel Squadron is supposed to be a model of naval efficiency, as the Guards are a model of military efficiency. Do we not always display the Squadron to foreign potentates visiting England, as much as to say, "Equal that, if you can?" Not one true-born Briton but has felt a keen sense of pride, at one time or other, in being the part owner of such a splendid fighting force. With justice, too; the Channel Squadron cannot be matched outside British waters. It must, therefore, be put down to pure misfortune that so many accidents befell the Squadron during its

recent cruise. Scarcely a day passed without some fresh catastrophe being reported. Sailors fell overboard, and were drowned at short intervals; anchors refused to quit the ground; gallant captains were weatherbound on shore, much, of course, to their dislike; chain cables formed themselves into festoons round human bodies; finally, the *Camperdown* ran a pretty narrow chance of being driven on shore. Of course, no one was to blame in a single instance; such casualties seem to be unavoidable when modern ironclads of ideal build put to sea. The "tin-kettles," as old Admiral Rous scornfully called them, are so cumbersome and unwieldy that our sailors have not yet quite learnt how to accommodate themselves to "life on the ocean wave" under such abnormal conditions. They pluckily try to do the things their predecessors were wont to do on board wooden frigates and three-deckers, and the result is, of course, that they occasionally fail. But we may console ourselves with the reflection that if the British man-of-war's-man has not mastered his ironclad monster, the foreign sailor must be still farther behind. Seamanship is not less conspicuous in the English Navy than it was in Nelson's days, but our Jacks have to learn a very great deal more than his gallant bull-dogs ever dreamt of.

**NOTICE.**—With this Number are issued Two SUPPLEMENTS, one entitled "FROM QUETTA TO KELAT," printed in colours; the other entitled "ARMADA TERCENTENARY COMMEMORATION, PLYMOUTH."

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**LYCEUM.—RAVENSWOOD.—TO-NIGHT,** at Eight o'Clock. Mr. HENRY IRVING, Miss ELLEN TERRY, Mr. TERRISS, Mr. MACKINTOSH, Mr. WENMAN, Mr. BISHOP, Mr. MACKLIN, Mr. HOWE, Mr. G. CRAIG, Miss MARRIOTT, &c. Box Office open daily 10 to 5 and during the performance.—LYCEUM.

**BRITANNIA THEATRE.**—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. S. LANE. Monday, October 27, during the week (Wednesday excepted) at Seven. THE GRIP OF IRON; or, THE STRANGLERS OF PARIS. Misses Olliph Webb, Marshall; Messrs. Algeron Syms, W. Steadman, J. B. Howe, W. Gardiner, &c.—INCIDENTALS.—Concluding with THE IRISH LION.

**BRIGHTON THEATRE and OPERA HOUSE.**—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. NYE CHART.—MONDAY, October 27, Miss FORTESCUE.

**MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.** ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place.—CARNIVAL TIME, by Malcolm Watson, music by Corney Grain. Concluding with an entirely new musical sketch, by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled SEASIDE MANIA. Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Evenings at Eight. Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday Afternoons at Three. —Booking office open 10 to 6. Stalls, 5s. and 3s. Admission 2s. and 1s.

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**BRIGHTON EVERY SATURDAY.**—Cheap First Class Trains from Victoria at 10.40 and 11.40 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon, and from London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12.0 noon, calling at East Croydon. Return Tickets, available to return by any Train same day, from Brighton (Central Station) or West Brighton.—1st Class, Half-a-Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion.

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Pullman Drawing Room Cars are run in the 10.45 a.m. Train from Victoria to Brighton (Central Station), returning from Brighton (Central Station) by the 5.0 and 8.40 p.m. Trains. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 12s. 6d. available for return (First Class) by any other Train same day from Brighton (Central Station) or West Brighton.

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For full particulars, see Time Books and Handbills, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West End General Office; 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly; and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; Hayes Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Office, Ludgate Circus Office; and Gaze's Office, 144, Strand. (By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

**ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.** NOW RENDERED THE COOLEST PLACE OF ENTERTAINMENT IN LONDON. ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT. TWENTY-SIXTH CONSECUTIVE YEAR of the world-famed **MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS'** at the St. James's Hall in one continuous season. **THE NEW PROGRAMME PRODUCED ON THE OCCASION OF THE JUBILEE CELEBRATION.** On Thursday, the 18th Sept., having been received with the utmost enthusiasm, will be repeated **EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT.** **DAY PERFORMANCES** EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at THREE. Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Places can be secured a month in advance at Tree's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

**ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION, CHELSEA.** Open from 11 a.m. to 10 p.m. **BRILLIANTLY ILLUMINATED GARDENS.** Fireworks every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday by Mr. Joseph Wells, of Wandsworth.

**ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION.** The following Military Bands will perform during the week ending November 1st: First Battalion Royal Warwick Regiment. First Battalion Royal Irish Regiment. Royal Military Asylum (Wednesday and Saturday). Bands play daily from 3 p.m. to 10 p.m.

**ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION.** The following events will take place during the week—Ascents of Spencer's Great War Balloon. Sword Exercise, Sword v. Lance, Sword v. Sword, Driving Competition, Bal-clava Mêlée, &c., by 1 Battery, Royal Horse Artillery. Grand Gymnastic Display by the Staff Instructors of the Army Gymnasium, Aldershot, under the direction of Sergeant-Major Noakes. Combined Display by Detachment of the Royal Engineers, Twenty-Second Middlesex Rifle Volunteer Medical Staff Corps.

**ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION.** LAST WEEK. Will positively close on Saturday, November 1.

**ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION.** Omnibuses every five minutes from Sloane Square and South Kensington Stations. Steamboats from all Piers to Victoria Pier (opposite the Main Entrance).

**ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION.** Admission Every Day, ONE SHILLING. This Price Admits to all Entertainments.

**ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION.** Major G. E. W. MALET, Hon. Director.

Continuation of Sale in consequence of the number of Lots of Electro Plate, Cutlery, and Silver Plate, &c.—Westbourne Hall, 26, Westbourne Grove, Bayswater, W.—To Noblemen, Gentlemen, Club Proprietors, Silversmiths, and others.

**MR. WILLIAM WHITELEY** (of Westbourne Grove) has been favoured with instructions by the well-known firm of **MAPPIN BROTHERS,** to **SELL BY AUCTION,** at his Room as above on **MONDAY and TUESDAY, OCTOBER 27th and 28th.**

**AT ONE PRECISELY EACH DAY.** A Large CONSIGNMENT of their Valuable **SURPLUS STOCK OF SILVER PLATE, ELECTRO-PLATE** of the finest designs, comprising meat dishes, vegetable dishes, salad bowls, fruit dishes, épergnes and centre pieces, entrée dishes, salvers, spoons, forks, teapots, coffee pots, sugar basins, cream ewers, napkin rings, cutlery, dressing bags, dressing cases, purses, &c., pocket knives, clocks, and a number of other articles in silver and electro plate, a great many of which are specially suitable for useful presents.

Catalogues as above.



## MASHONALAND—CROSSING A DRIFT

MASHONALAND is situated in that portion of South-Eastern Africa which lies between the rivers Limpopo and Zambesi. It forms part of the dominion of Lobengula, King of Matabeleland, and, as is the case with the latter territory, consists of a highland plateau, some 4,000 or 5,000 feet above the sea level, healthy, fertile, and reported to be marvellously rich in minerals, especially gold. Even with the rude and simple system of tillage prevailing among the natives, rice, millet, sweet potatoes, ground-nuts and tobacco are produced in the valleys with ease and in abundance. In a word, the country has every appearance of being able to support a large white population, while making full provision for making ample native "reserves." As regards mineral wealth, the mining experts who accompanied the expedition declare that there is every indication of an auriferous region of vast extent. As far back as the Lundi River, gold in alluvial deposit was distinctly traceable, as well as quartz reef of the most promising appearance.—Our engraving, which is from a photograph by Mr. Ellerton Fry, of the Pioneer Corps, represents the expedition crossing the Lundi or Lundi River, a stream which eventually finds its way into the Mozambique Channel. Across the different rivers substantial "drifts" (Anglicised "fords") have been made of sandbags, logs of wood, and reeds.

## JOURNEY UP THE QUILIMANE

See page 469

## LIEUTENANT MARTOS'S BICYCLE RIDE

See page 460

## ST. JAMES'S SPANISH CHURCH, SPANISH PLACE

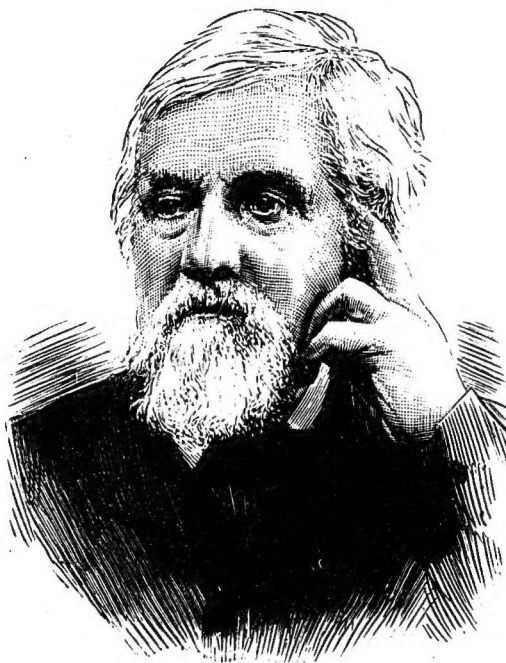
JUST opposite the old chapel of the Spanish Embassy in Spanish Place, Manchester Square, a large and very striking new church has, during the past three years, gradually risen over the roofs of the surrounding houses. This building, which was opened on Monday, September 29th, with Pontifical High Mass, by Monsignor Pattison, Bishop of Emmaus, is to replace the old chapel erected just a century back, which has for many years been inadequate to meet the demands of its very large congregation. The latter building was originally the chapel attached to the Spanish Embassy when it was not legal for English Roman Catholics to build churches and chapels of their own. Although a very wide aisle was added to it a few years ago (which, by the way, quite spoilt its proportions), upon the expiration of the ground lease it was thought advisable to obtain a site for a much larger building. One was secured at the cost of 30,000*l.*, and plans for the new building were submitted by several architectural firms. The late Professor Ferguson, author of so many well known architectural works, was called in to select the design, and, in accordance with his award, Messrs. Goldie, Child, and Goldie were appointed architects to the new church.

The foundation stone was laid on June 17th, 1887, when the Infantes of Spain, Don Antonio and Donna Eulalia, were present as representatives of the King of Spain.

The new church—though still incomplete as to its length—is between 150 and 160 feet long, and 60 feet high to the crown of the vaulting. It consists of a nave with four aisles, transepts, and an apsidal chancel, with a large Lady Chapel on the north side, and a sacristy communicating with the priest's house on the south. Over the inner aisles is an open triforium, which is carried across the transepts, and forms a kind of gallery on either side of the church. Externally the building is entirely of Portland stone, and internally it is lined throughout with Bath stone, no plaster being anywhere used. The nave, aisles, chancel, and transepts are likewise



THE LATE CHARLES HENRY DE SOYSA, J.P.  
Born 1836. Died 1890.



THE LATE JOHN HANCOCK  
Born 1806. Died October 11, 1890.

MR. JOHN HANCOCK,

THE well-known naturalist, died at his residence in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, on October 11th, aged eighty-four years. He inherited the taste for natural history from his father, and to that pursuit his life was almost wholly devoted, earnestly and lovingly. He was especially skilled in insect and bird-lore—he was reckoned one of the closest and most careful observers of bird-life in this country—and he was an accomplished taxidermist. The specimens from his hand, which are arranged on the shelves of the Museum of the Natural History Society at Newcastle, form one of the finest collections of British birds in the Kingdom. Among these are a series of groups illustrative of falconry, which Mr. Hancock originally exhibited at the World's Show, in Hyde Park, in 1851.—Our portrait is from a photograph by John Worsnop, Bridge Street, Rothbury.

MR. DE SOYSA

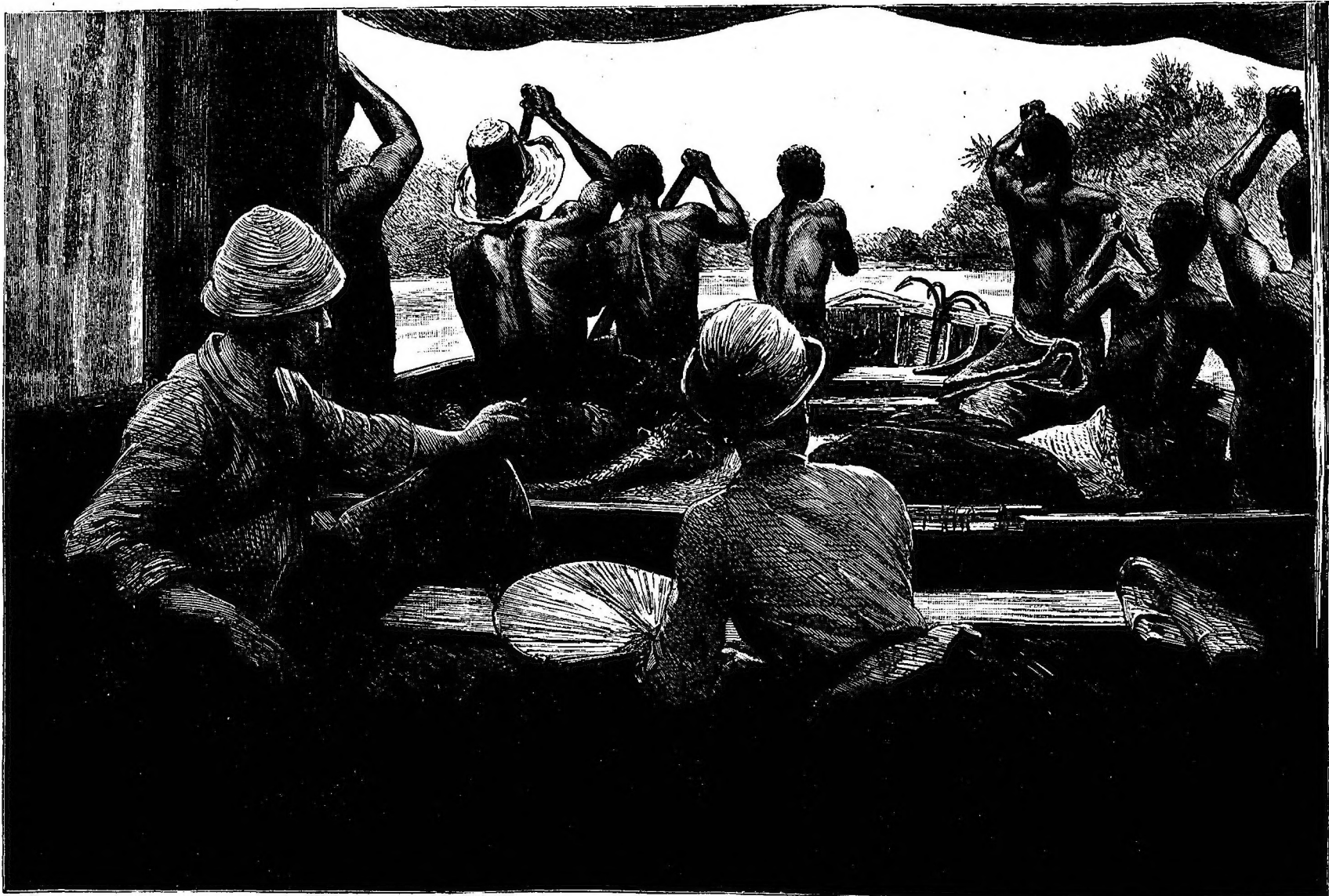
MR. CHARLES HENRY DE SOYSA, J.P., of Alfred House, Colombo, whose death was announced a few days ago, was a munificent philanthropist, whose loss will be greatly mourned throughout Ceylon. He was born in 1836, and, having inherited great wealth from his father, spent it in the most diversified forms of charity. His benefactions amounted to upwards of half-a-million sterling. Among the structures of a useful and beneficent character which stand as monuments of his unstinted liberality may be mentioned Holy

Emmanuel's and St. John's Churches, at Colombo, the Alfred Model Farm, the De Soysa Lying-in Home, and other Hospitals, and the Prince and Princess of Wales' Colleges. When the Duke of Edinburgh visited Ceylon, in 1870, he was magnificently entertained by Mr. De Soysa; and the college which bears the name of the Prince of Wales was interred to commemorate the Heir Apparent's visit in 1875. In 1806, when Mr. De Soysa visited England, he presented to the Royal Institute the Tapahu Gate and other monuments of Kandyan antiquity, which he had purchased at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition. He also left behind him a large sum of money to distribute among the hospitals and charities of London. Lieut.-Colonel H. N. St. George, who sends us the photograph (by Mayall & Co., 164, New Bond Street) from which our portrait is engraved, writes thus concerning Mr. De Soysa:—"He was one of the most enterprising and philanthropic Sinhalese gentlemen ever known. He strove throughout his life to instil energy into his countrymen, and, like many others, his reward was honour not honours."

LIEUTENANT MARTOS'S BICYCLE RIDE

THAT the bicycle is a machine capable of accomplishing very long journeys is not a new discovery. Two or three years ago, Mr. Stevens, an American, made the tour of the world in this way, and, at the present time, we believe, two young gentlemen are engaged in a similar enterprise. The

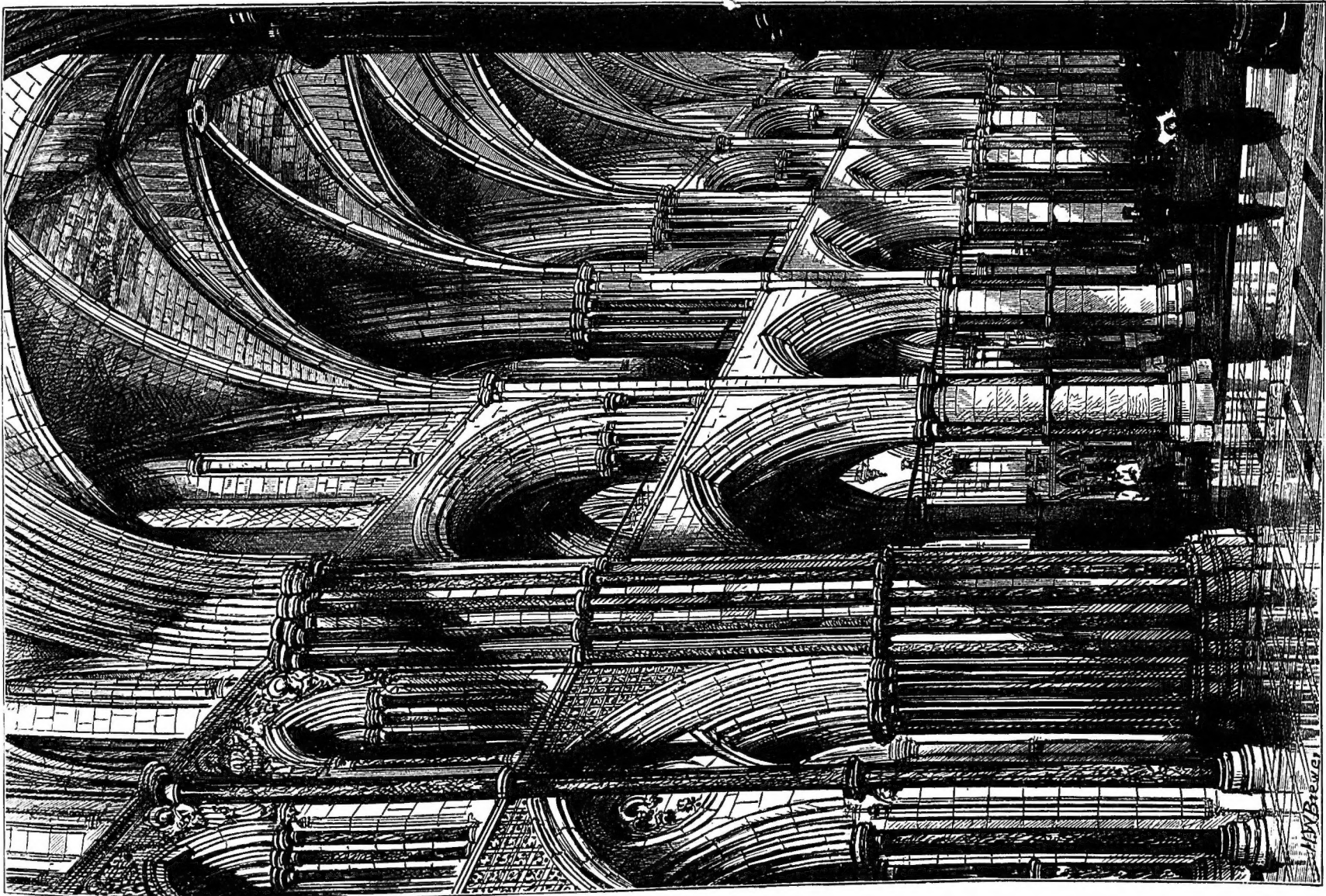
latest bicycle feat is of a somewhat less striking order, but sufficiently remarkable. Its hero is a Lieutenant in the Russian Imperial Artillery, only twenty-two years of age, who has covered the two thousand-and-odd miles between St. Petersburg and London in thirty-two days, or at the rate of nearly seventy miles a-day. His machine was an old-fashioned roadster, weighing about sixty pounds. An enterprising American proprietor of a "Dime Museum," it is said, offered 500*l.* for it for show purposes, but the offer was declined, though the machine was lent for a few days to the Royal Military Exhibition. Lieutenant Martos did not meet with many adventures during his long ride. Dogs were his chief trouble; and twice in Germany, at Gerfeld and Witten, he had to despatch his persecutors with the knife. He had better cause to love the Germans than their dogs, for the inhabitants proved most hospitable, and at Vervins held a banquet in his honour. In Paris, where he arrived on Saturday week, he was received by the Russian Ambassador and M. de Freycinet, the Minister of War, who complimented him upon his exploit. Two days later he reached London, where, on Saturday, he was presented to the Lord Mayor. After staying in London for a few days, Lieutenant Martos was to leave on his machine for a run through England and Scotland; and, after another rest, he will return home by the route by which he came. In appearance, he is a slightly-built, fair-headed young fellow, about 10 st. in weight; but, as may be imagined, very muscular, his legs being as hard as iron. He speaks no English, and but little French.



A KWAKWA BOAT



LIEUTENANT GEORGE MARTOS RIDING ON A BICYCLE FROM ST. PETERSBURG TO PARIS  
ATTACKED BY DOGS IN A RUSSIAN VILLAGE



THE NEW SPANISH CHURCH AT SPANISH PLACE, MANCHESTER SQUARE, BUILT TO REPLACE THE OLD CHAPEL  
OF THE SPANISH EMBASSY

vaulted in Bath stone. The great columns are of the beautiful stone called "Hopton Wood," and all the smaller columns and shafts are of Derbyshire marble.

It is rarely that one finds a modern church so massively constructed, for not only is everything in the interior of the building either of stone or marble, but the walls are nearly four feet in thickness; and the value of this solidity is appreciated when one sees the depth and richness of the mouldings, which form such a distinguished feature of this very striking interior. The chancel is more richly treated than the rest of the church, its walls being covered with a deeply-cut diaper-pattern, with angels in the spandrels of the triforium arcade. One of these angels, by the way, bears in his hands a model of the old chapel—a pretty way of commemorating it, as the building will soon cease to exist. Two of the shafts which bear the vaulting of the choir are brought down in front of the crown of the arches, which has a very picturesque effect. The idea is probably borrowed from the western transepts of Ely Cathedral. All the fittings, altars, &c., have been removed from the old chapel, and are consequently temporary, as is likewise the western end of the building, which, when completed, will be several bays longer than it is at present. The exterior, especially when viewed from George Street, suffers from being crowded up by surrounding buildings, and neither the tower and spire nor the turrets and gables of the transepts have been carried out in completeness; but, even in its present condition, its fine proportions and bold flying buttresses present a very striking appearance when viewed from South Street. We should mention that the builders are Messrs. Dove, Brothers.

### "LA BELLE BRETONNE"

THIS engraving is from a photograph by Mr. Arthur Burchett in the Photographic Society's Exhibition in Pall Mall. In the opinion of the critic of the *Times*, its excellence is such as to have deserved some recognition at the hands of the judges. We have already noticed the present Exhibition of the Photographic Society, and need only here remark on two general characteristics which are there displayed. First, the distinct improvement which has recently been effected in photographic printing methods; and, secondly, the marked advance which photographers have made in producing genuinely artistic results with the appliances at their command.

### "A WOMAN SEWING"

THIS picture was recently shown at an exhibition of Old Masters at Burlington House. Our engraving is made by permission of Lord Ashburton. We call the following particulars concerning the artist from Lord Ronald Gower's "Figure painters of Holland" (S. Low and Co.). Nicholas Maes was born at Dordrecht in 1632. Between his twentieth and twenty-fifth year he worked in Rembrandt's studio. The withdrawal of the influence of the master had a most unfavourable effect on his later works. Until 1660 all that he painted bore a firmness of touch, a rich *impasto*, a splendour of colour, which in later years he seems to have lost or forgotten. So remarkable is this change, and so great is the falling-off in his later works, principally portraits, as compared with his early *genre* pictures, that it has been supposed that portraits of a more recent date are not by the same artist, but are the performances of some other Maes, a name not at all uncommon in Holland. After quitting Rembrandt's studio, Maes settled at Antwerp, where he became a successful portrait-painter. In 1678 he removed to Amsterdam, and died there in 1693. His present reputation rests on his superb little pictures of scenes from every-day life—a Dutch housewife nursing her child, or surprising her maid asleep over her pots and pans; an old woman peeling potatoes; an old man reading; a child knitting a stocking. To these simple scenes Maes gave a charm and beauty which only two or three painters have ever equalled.

### "MORE FRIGHTENED THAN HURT"

AND

### "A BULL IN A CHINA SHIP"

See page 473

### "THE WRECK"

MR. WEATHERHEAD has in this picture painted with great force and truthfulness a scene which has often been represented before, but which possesses a perennial freshness because of its pathetic nature. "It's no fish ye're buying; it's men's lives," says Maggie Mucklebackit, in "The Antiquary," and the same idea is embodied in the famous song, "Caller Herrin'." All men, in pursuing their avocations, undergo a certain risk, for we are nowhere in this world free from bodily peril. Even the City clerk—though his chief danger arises from vitiated air and sedentary occupation—may be smashed on the railway, or run over in the street. Still his wife doesn't feel about him as those wives feel whose husbands follow really hazardous callings. The wife of a fisherman has even more reason for anxiety than the wife of a long-voyage seaman, for the former, when the wind howls and roars round her cottage, knows that her partner is enduring the same weather at sea. Then some day comes such a catastrophe as is here shown; wives are widowed, children are orphaned. On the tombstones of the churchyards of the north-east coast it is a common thing to read how the husband was drowned at sea in the prime of life, while the widow lingered on, and did not, perhaps, follow him into the world of shadows till forty or fifty years afterwards.

**THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.**—The Syndic of Portici writes officially to contradict the statement that poisonous fumes of gas, so noxious that it is impossible to approach the mountain, are proceeding from the new crater recently formed.

**THE NEW MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS, NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYME.**—In our account of these buildings last week, we stated that 4,000*l.* was contributed voluntarily towards the cost. We are now informed that the amount thus contributed was only 2,196*l.* 8*s.* 5*d.*

**THE REV. R. F. WINTER, Secretary of the Liverpool Branch of the St. Andrew's Waterside Church Mission, Central Chambers D, 17A, South Castle Street, Liverpool, writes:**—"One the chief objects of our Mission is to brighten Jack's weary hours by distributing books, magazines, illustrated papers, &c. Last year nearly 2,000 vessels were supplied with literature. May I ask your readers to help us in this work by sending us any old numbers—no matter how old—of any entertaining, instructive, or amusing periodical, magazine, or illustrated paper, more especially *The Graphic*? All parcels will be acknowledged."

**MOTHER-OF-PEARL** is to be brought into fashion for all kinds of ornaments in Vienna this winter, in order to provide employment for the mass of workpeople thrown out by the new American Tariff Bill. The Crown Princess Stephanie and numerous Court ladies have promised to wear mother-of-pearl, and an exhibition of feminine hair-dressing has been opened at Vienna to show how mother-of-pearl can be utilised for pins, combs, and other head ornaments. A Viennese Professor points out, also, that much of the present misery results from the work people making but one article—the button—and suggests that they should manufacture table ornaments, caskets, crosses, &c., which would find quite another market.

## "IN DARKEST ENGLAND"

PERHAPS more than any other living man General Booth of the Salvation Army has grasped the true motive power of this last quarter of the century. To press two such different matters as Mr. Stanley's march through Africa and Mrs. Booth's funeral into service for "booming" a three-and-sixpenny volume, argues a just sense of the uses of advertisement, and to have done so successfully, fully, proclaims a man of genius—in his line. Several books, deeper and more noteworthy than "In Darkest England, and the Way Out," by General Booth (101, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.), have been written on that social wreckage which is the great puzzle of our times, but not one of them has been so ingeniously timed to attract public attention. The criminals, the drunkards, the out-of-works, and the rest who go to make up what General Booth calls the Submerged Tenth of the population of Great Britain, are passed in review, and then, after a glance at the various palliatives already brought to bear upon this residuum, he proceeds to propound his own scheme. The scheme is threefold, and consists of a City Colony, a Farm Colony, and an Over-Sea Colony. The first will be an extension of the system of Food and Shelter Depôts already established in London on a small scale; in other words, a casual ward on easier terms. In connection with the Shelters there are to be Labour Factories, a Household Salvage Brigade—a scheme which the Kilburn Sisters have worked for several years—and a Labour Bureau, the latter a most useful and excellent institution. The Farm Colony is the application of Waste Labour to Waste Land, and will be worked by a limited number of picked men from the City Colony, who will settle down on the land, to till it, or to utilise in many ingenious methods the waste of London. The third stage of the scheme is the Over-Sea Colony, to which a "Salvation" ship, filled with men and women who have proved themselves capable and earnest workers on the farm, will carry colonists to make a new start in a new land. To enable the colonists to repay the cost of transport, and the capital expended in providing them with a house, land, and stock, a land-tax or rent will be levied until the sums are repaid. The strength and weakness of the scheme is the stern and uncompromising discipline which is to be exacted all through from the outcasts. This it is that differentiates the plan from those that have preceded it, and this it is that will doubtless give offence in many quarters. But the rock on which all these schemes split is the tendency any bettering of condition has to increase the population. With fresh outcasts pouring in every day, and a rapidly-growing family, the demand for new Farm and Over-Sea Colonies will soon greatly exceed the supply, but General Booth does not appear to have faced this danger. The realisation of the scheme will require one million pounds; 100,000*l.* down, and an assured income of 30,000*l.* a year. There is little doubt that this money would be forthcoming were the public once persuaded that the scheme is a possible one, and not another Utopia. But the matter is one that needs a good deal of consideration.

## THE ARMADA TERCENTENARY AT PLYMOUTH

ON Tuesday last, under the most propitious circumstances as far as the weather and arrangements were concerned, the memorial commemorating the defeat of the Spanish Armada, three hundred years ago, was unveiled at Plymouth by H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, acting on behalf of Her Majesty the Queen. On



THE COVER OF THE LUNCHEON MENU

another page will be found illustrations of some of the prominent features of the celebration attending the imposing ceremony. The statue, which has been appropriately erected on the Hoe, consists of a bronze figure of Britannia, with helmet, shield, and trident, having the lion crouching at her feet. This stands aloft on a granite pedestal, bearing in front the words, "He blew with the winds and they were scattered." Bronze medallions of Drake, Howard, Seymour, and Hawkins are also conspicuously placed on the shaft. The statue was designed by Mr. Herbert Gribble, assisted by Mr. Edward Story, and was executed by Mr. Charles May. The civic procession, headed by the Mayor's carriage, left the Guildhall shortly before mid-day, and very soon after its arrival on the Hoe the Duke of Edinburgh's carriage appeared upon the scene, accompanied by an escort, and heralded by salutes from the ships and batteries. The reception of the Duke was of the most cordial and enthusiastic character, and as he drove away to the Guildhall after the ceremony, where he was entertained at a banquet given by the Mayor, he was the recipient of most vigorous and hearty cheers from the immense crowds along the streets. We also give portraits of the Mayor, Mr. Waring, and of the Secretary to the Committee of the National Armada Tercentenary Memorial, Mr. W. H. K. Wright, F.R. Hist. Soc., who is also the City Librarian of Plymouth. It is largely due to the efforts of these gentlemen that the handsome addition to the statues on the Hoe was secured for the historical work of art, which attracted considerable notice at the luncheon. It was executed by Mr. W. Stevens. We produce herewith a *fac simile*, which will show the allegorical character of the design.—Our portrait of Mr. Wright is from a photograph by William Lawrence, 5, 6, and 7, Upper Sackville Street, Dublin.

## PASTIMES

**THE TURF.**—The Houghton Meeting at Newmarket began on Tuesday. The Fordham Welter Handicap Plate brought out eighteen runners, of which Mr. Milner's Goodlake, the favourite, proved the best. Gouverneur frightened away most of the entrants for the Criterion Stakes, and won easily for M. E. Blanc; while in the Criterion Nursery Handicap the Prince of Wales's colours were for once in a way successful, His Royal Highness's Pierrette gaining a hardly-earned but highly popular victory. Wednesday was the Cambridgeshire day. For the great race there were no fewer than twenty-nine runners, though one or two of these had such outside chances that as much as 500 to 1 was laid against them. Alicante maintained her position as favourite to the fall of the flag, though closely pressed by Morion; while Tostig and Victorius were well backed. The race almost exactly followed the market, except that Morion was not placed; for Alicante finished first, Tostig third, and Victorius fourth. The second was Belmont. The other events of the day require no notice, with the exception of the Flying Stakes, in which Goodlake succumbed to that uncertain creature Noble Chieftain.

The principal feature of the Newcastle Meeting last week was the double success of the Marquis Talon's Knight of Ruir. On Tuesday he won the Autumn Handicap Plate, and next day, despite a 12 lb. penalty, waltzed away with the Northumberland Autumn Plate. W. Wood was the jockey on both occasions. At Sandown Park, on Thursday, the principal event on the card was the Great Sapling Plate, won by Mr. H. Ransford's Gold Ring, but the best race was furnished by the Albany Stakes, in which Juggler, ridden by Tom Cannon, just defeated Dog Rose, ridden by Watts, after they had run neck and neck for the whole of the five furlongs. Ormuz won the Autumn Handicap. Next day, the Hersham Two-Year-Old Stakes fell to Epping Forest. Saturday was devoted to hurdle-racing and steeplechasing.

The rumours that Ormonde was about to return to this country would seem to have been without foundation, for an advertisement in the Buenos Ayres *Standard* states that his services can be retained for a limited number of mates at the fee of 500*l.* sterling!

A capital portrait of Mr. Milner, "Mr. Manton's" husband, appeared in last week's *Vanity Fair*.

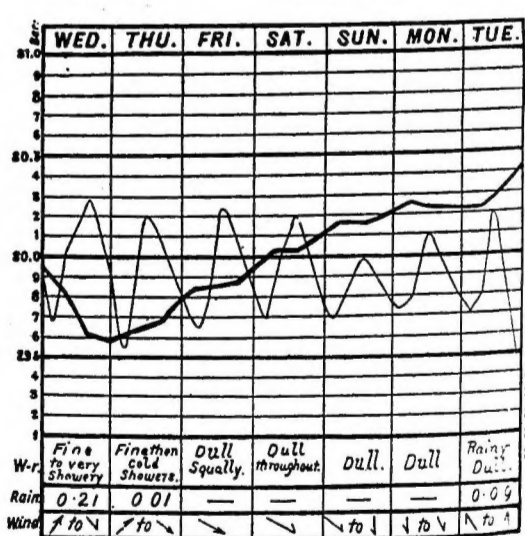
**FOOTBALL.**—Rugbywise, two matches have been decided since we last wrote in the County Championship Competition. In that between Kent and Middlesex the hop-county (which had not a single Christopherson in the team, strange to say) suffered a comparatively easy defeat; but Middlesex afterwards succumbed to Surrey. Blackheath beat St. Thomas's Hospital, and the Old Leysians defeated Cooper's Hill, but Richmond had to give in to the Harlequins. Oxford University inflicted a very heavy defeat upon Rugby School by five goals and nine tries, and Bradford beat Manchester.—Association-wise, Everton still remains at the head of the League, having beaten Bolton Wanderers. But Wolverhampton Wanderers (in spite of a defeat by the North Enders), Notts County, and Preston North End are all close up. The Casuals had a bad day on Saturday, losing to the Swifts at Slough by six goals to two, and to Sandhurst at Wormwood Scrubbs by seven to one; and on Wednesday were beaten by Cambridge University. Royal Arsenal beat Old St. Marks; Hampshire defeated Sussex; and the Royal Engineers proved too good for the Old Harrovians.

**SWIMMING.**—The most important event since we last wrote was the One Thousand Yards Professional Championship. This J. Nuttall secured in the easiest fashion, completing the distance in 13 min. 53 secs. 234 secs. better than his previous record.—The Water Polo Championship was won by Hanley, who defeated Burton-on-Trent in the final tie by six goals to none. The Cambridge University Swimming Club have now taken to this game. It figured in the programme of their recent swimming match with the Otter S.C., when, although defeated, the "light blues" showed very fair form.

**ROWING.**—Two small events in this department of sport deserve brief notice. A youngster named W. Thompson won the Open Handicap organised by that well-known supporter of sculling, Mr. Bat Murphy; while George Green, of Barnes, in a mile sculling race turned the tables upon his former conqueror, Charles See, of Hammersmith.

## WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1890



**EXPLANATION.**—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (21st inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

**REMARKS.**—The weather of the past week was at first unsettled, rough, and rainy over the greater part of the country, but subsequently quieter and drier conditions prevailed in most places. During the earlier part of the time pressure was lowest in a rather large system to the Northward or Eastward of the British Isles, and strong North-Westerly breezes (reaching the force of a strong gale on our exposed Western Coasts) were experienced in nearly all places, with a very general, but not particularly heavy, rainfall. As this depression moved away Eastwards, a steady rise in the barometer took place over the United Kingdom, and the Eastern portion of an anticyclone gradually spread in over the country from the Westward. The winds now became Northerly very generally, and lulled considerably everywhere, but the sky, taken as a whole, remained very dull or gloomy, and a little rain fell at times in isolated places. Temperature, although less warm than of late, has again been slightly above the average over Scotland and Ireland, but elsewhere it has fallen below the ordinary figures. The highest readings, which occurred at the beginning of the week reached 70° in the South-East of England, but after that time the thermometer fell rapidly, and within a day or two a maximum of 50° only was registered in the same locality. The lowest values nearly touched the freezing point.

The barometer was highest (30.42 inches) on Tuesday (21st inst.); lowest (29.50 inches) on Wednesday (15th inst.); range 0.92 inch. The temperature was highest (50°) on Wednesday (15th inst.); lowest (41°) on Thursday (16th inst.); range 9°. Rain fell on three days. Total amount 0.31 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.21 inch on Wednesday (15th inst.)



POLITICAL.—Mr. Gladstone opened his Midlothian Campaign at Edinburgh on Tuesday, when he spoke at great length after receiving a number of addresses from Scottish Liberal Associations. Lord Rosebery presided, and, in the course of the proceedings, made the intimation, gratifying to members of all political parties, that when he spoke there was an improvement in Lady Rosebery's condition, and apparently some ground for the hope that the days of anxiety on her account would soon be over. Mr. Gladstone's own oration was in the old familiar strain, an indictment of the Government and Mr. Balfour, of the Irish landlords, and the Irish Constabulary, with copious reminiscences of Mitchelstown vehemence being substituted for novelty. His silence on all subjects distinctively Scottish he accounted for with a *naïveté* as singular as it was to all appearances unconscious. His followers among the advocates of the Home Rule for Scotland are profoundly dissatisfied with his persistent declarations that Home Rule for Ireland must have precedence. Then the dimensions which the new Scottish Laymen's League has attained, and the character of its membership, have proved that many Scotchmen are Kirk-men first, and only Gladstonians afterwards. Lukewarmness in the Scottish Home Rule cause, and his miscalculated adhesion to the policy of disestablishing the National Church of Scotland, threaten him with a considerable defection of former Scotch followers at next General Election, so that the "old Parliamentary hand" finds himself considerably perplexed. Hence his admission on Tuesday that before he opens his lips on any subject interesting to Scotchmen, he wishes to profit "to the uttermost" by communications with his Scottish friends on the spot. Thus, when he does speak on Scottish questions, his followers will not hear what Mr. Gladstone thinks, but what Mr. Gladstone's friends in Edinburgh have advised him to say.—In the last of his telling speeches at Newcastle-on-Tyne, Mr. Balfour dealt in detail with the charges brought against the Irish magistracy and constabulary by Mr. Morley after his visit to Tipperary. What was more important he maintained that during his assailable Irish Secretaryship, magistrates for whose conduct Mr. Morley was responsible had acted against the people with a severity unknown during Mr. Balfour's own, and had done much more than Mr. Morley denounced as done at Tipperary, that is, they had come straight from the streets where rioters were being dealt with by bayonet and bullet to judge them on the Bench. Mr. Balfour further offered to give Mr. Morley, if he asks for it, a Parliamentary return proving in detail these allegations. On Monday, addressing with Lord Granville his supporters at Newcastle, Mr. Morley replied at great length to Mr. Balfour, but, as the Irish Secretary pointed out in a letter published in Wednesday's *Times*, he carefully refrained from accepting Mr. Balfour's offer to produce the Parliamentary return, which would settle at once the most important of the disputed points.

**GREAT DOUBTS ARE ENTERTAINED** as to the accuracy of the announcement that the Shipping Federation is on the point of resorting to the extreme measure of ordering every one of their members' ships to be laid up until a more reasonable state of things, as regards the attitude and policy of the Unions, is brought about. That such a step, under provocation, may be taken is, however, quite possible, and the announcement that it was going to be taken has been publicly and cordially welcomed by the Deputy Chairman of the Southampton Dock Company. Meanwhile the chief London Dock Companies have issued an important intimation, which is interpreted as meaning that with the expiration, on November 4th next, of their agreement with the Union, it is their intention to employ free labour.

THE TIPPERARY PROSECUTIONS drag their slow length along, the proceedings being protracted by interruptions on the part of some of the defendants, who are perpetually making insulting comments on the conduct of the case and the evidence of the witnesses for the Crown. On Wednesday Mr. Sheehy, M.P., having, among other amenities, stigmatised as "cowardly" the prosecuting counsel's mode of examining a witness, and having refused to apologise, was committed for seven days for contempt of court, a punishment which may possibly have a salutary effect on his co-defendants. A police-sergeant, who had appeared as a Crown witness on the previous day, said that since he had given his evidence the supply of milk to his household had been stopped, although it included two infants.

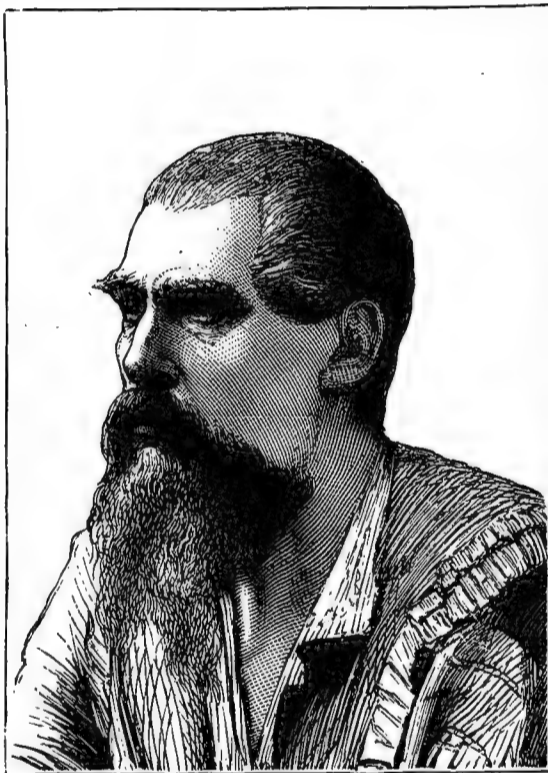
MISCELLANEOUS.—The members of the Royal Navy Club of 1765 and 1785 dined together on Tuesday, Admiral Sir T. Brandreth presiding, to celebrate the battle of Trafalgar (October 21st, 1805), and the battle of Camperdown (October 11th, 1797).—The date for receiving applications for space in the Royal Naval Exhibition has been extended to December 1st. At the beginning of the week the guarantee fund amounted to 38,286*l*.—Colonel Hornby, commanding the Second East Surrey, emphatically contradicts the statement that there was any exhibition of insubordination by the men belonging to the second battalion of that regiment, either in the morning of, or in the days preceding, their recent embarkation for service abroad.—The first stone of the new Fruit and Vegetable Market, in Farringdon Road, was laid by the Lord Mayor on Wednesday afternoon.—The Livesey Free Library, in the Old Kent Road, erected at a cost of 8,000*l*., and presented to the parish of Camberwell by Mr. George Livesey, the Chairman of the South Metropolitan Gas Company, has been opened with an appropriate address by Sir Edward Clarke, the Solicitor-General.—Professor Max Müller has accepted the Presidency of the approaching Oriental Congress, Sir Henry Rawlinson having been compelled by ill-health to retire from the position.—The Rev. R. G. Glasebrook, Head Master of the Manchester Grammar School, and previously for ten years an Assistant-Master of Harrow, is to succeed the Rev. J. M. Wilson as Head Master of Clifton College.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in her seventy-fourth year, of Mrs. Bowen, widow of the late Rev. Canon Bowen, of Chester, and youngest daughter of the late Rev. Legh Richmond, author of "The Dairyman's Daughter;" of the Hon. Elizabeth F. Stuart, daughter of the late Lord J. Lennox, and formerly Maid of Honour to the Queen; in her thirty-first year, of Miss Louisa E. Lopes, daughter of Sir Massey and the late Lady Lopes; in her fifty-seventh year, of Mrs. D. P. Cama, wife of the late Grand Treasurer of the Grand Lodge of Freemasons, and long a resident in England, said to be the only Parsee lady who ever travelled completely round the world; in his twenty-ninth year, of Mr. Charles Stanley Talbot, eldest son of Colonel and of Lady Emma Talbot, sister of the Earl of Derby; of the Rev. William F. Raies, Fellow of Merton College, Oxford, who, after taking Orders in the Church of England, became a Roman Catholic priest, and latterly as one of the clerical staff of the Roman Catholic Cathedral, St. George's, Southwark, made a considerable impression as a preacher; in his eightieth year, of the Rev. F. A. Marriott, formerly Archdeacon of Tasmania; in his seventy-second year, of the Rev. Joseph A. Galbraith, Registrar of Trinity College, Dublin, where he distinguished himself as a mathematician, gaining a Fellowship, and being appointed Erasmus Smith's Professor of Natural Philosophy, a position which he filled with great success.

for twenty years. After the disestablishment of the Irish Church, he was an active member of the representative Church body. Originally a Conservative, he became subsequently a Home Ruler. Also, at Shanghai, of Dr. Alexander Williamson, a veteran missionary in China, a record of his travels in which empire was issued in 1870, as "Journes in North China, Manchuria, and Eastern Mongolia," test known as the founder and indefatigable promoter of the Society for the Diffusion of Christian Knowledge among the Chinese, in whose vernacular it issued a number of varied and useful or interesting publications, original and translated, at prices as low as two cents, or a penny each; in his sixty-ninth year, of Mr. Alexander James Duffield, who, as a mining chemist, visited many parts of the world, from South America, with which he was especially familiar, to Australia, a translator of "Don Quixote," and author of an interesting work issued last year, "Reminiscences of Travel Abroad;" suddenly, in his sixty-sixth year of Mr. Philip W. Dawson, Secretary of the Railway Clearing House; and in his twenty-ninth year, of Mr. Mervyn L. Hawke, a promising journalist of advanced Liberal views, the unsuccessful candidate in 1885 for Eye, and the Central Division of Sheffield, and in 1886 for Hartlepool.

*SIR RICHARD BURTON*

SIR RICHARD BURTON, the indefatigable traveller and versatile linguist, died on Monday, in his sixty-ninth year, at Trieste, where he was British Consul. His father had been Colonel of the 36th Regiment, and with him he wandered on the Continent, until he was nineteen, from place to place, and from him he inherited eccentricity and restlessness. At that age he was sent to Trinity College, Oxford, where, neglecting classics, he mastered Arabic, of which he could not foresee what proved to be its subsequent utility. For attending a race he was "sent down" from the University, and being then shipped off to India with a commission in the Company's service, he found himself at Baroda as ensign in a regiment of Bombay Native Infantry. He soon mastered Hindustani, and, being appointed regimental interpreter, managed to make expeditions to various parts of India, recording his impressions in volumes on "Goa" and "Scinde." It was in 1852 that he performed the journey which first made him widely known, penetrating in the disguise of a Pathan to the holy cities, Medina and Mecca, his "Narrative of a Pilgrimage" to which was eagerly read. With Lieut. Speke, a companionship which afterwards became famous, he undertook an expedition in which they were nearly murdered by natives, and of which, as usual, he told the story in his "First Footsteps in East Africa" (1856). In their next and far more memorable expedition, they started from Zanzibar in June, 1857, and after months of hardship and peril discovered the great Central African



SIR RICHARD BURTON, K.C.M.G.  
Born March 19, 1821. Died October 20, 1890

lake, Tanganyika, Speke subsequently discovering the other great lake, Victoria Nyanza. For these pioneer explorations, described by him in his "Lake Regions of Central Africa," Burton received the Gold Medal of the Royal Geographical Society. His appetite for travelling was as insatiable as Sinbad the Sailor's for voyaging, and he is next found visiting, and, in his "City of the Saints," describing Salt Lake City. In 1861 he married a lady who belonged to the Arundells of Wardour, and who proved to be the most helpful and sympathetic of wives, seldom, and never willingly, absent from his side in all his wanderings. In the same year he entered the Consular Service as Consul at Fernando Po, as usual exploring and publishing the result of his explorations. His health failing him in that deadly region, he was sent, in 1865, as British Consul to San Paulo in Brazil, his wanderings there giving birth to his "Highlands of Brazil." His next Consular leap was a wide one, that to Damascus, followed by an exploration of Syria. Then, with the reduction of the Consulate, he revisited England, in 1871, only to start the year after for Iceland, on which he published an elaborate work. In 1872, he was appointed Consul at Trieste, varying the discharge of his official duties by two expeditions to the Land of Midian, with an eye to its older mines, and finally one, with Commander Cameron, to the interior of the Gold Coast, to prospect for gold mines. Otherwise he was chiefly busy with literature, producing a translation of the Cameroons, and a literal, a too literal, translation of "The Arabian Nights." His brusqueness of manner, and a certain emphasis of self-assertion prevented him from being popular with his official superiors, but by his friends he was held in great regard. He was made, in 1886, a K.C.M.G., but did not receive the retiring pension which his services might claim for him, and which this year was to be his by right. *Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris* ? might with some fitness be inscribed on the tomb of Richard Burton.—Our portrait is from a photograph by J. B. Rottmayer and Co., Trieste.

THE CZAR keeps his silver wedding next year. Great festivities are being planned for the anniversary in November, 1891.

*PICTURES OF BIRDS*

FOR the second time, Mr. H. S. Marks has furnished one of the rooms in the Fine Art Society's gallery with a collection of drawings such as no other living artist could produce. The birds he has depicted are of the most varied kind, and they all bear evidence of complete scientific knowledge of form and structure, as well as of close and penetrating observation. In some of them, moreover, he shows, without any exaggeration, the curious analogy, as regards facial character and gesture, which exists between birds and men. His ability in this way is well exemplified in the drawing of two surly old penguins turning away from each other with disgust, called "The Cut Direct," and in "A Peacemaker," in which also penguins are the actors, on the opposite wall. Like these, "A New Neighbour," in which a dissipated-looking adjutant stork is seen curiously peering through the bars of his cage at a Cape sea-lion, is full of quaint and expressive humour. The "Military Macaw" and the demure and prudish-looking "Banksian Cockatoo" are among several other drawings humorously suggestive of humanity. The great seventeenth century Dutch ornithological painters, Fyt Weenix and Hondekoeter, depicted only the birds which they saw in their native state, but the rich collection at the Zoological Gardens has made Mr. Marks familiar with the feathered denizens of all parts of the world. There are drawings, not only of eagles, owls, cranes, parrots, and pelicans, but of many rare birds of brilliant plumage and great beauty; and they are represented—each in an attitude proper to its kind—with conscientious fidelity and consummate art.

THE PORTRAIT OF DR. R. SPENCE WATSON, unveiled by Mr. John Morley at the Newcastle-on-Tyne Liberal Club on Monday last, is by Miss Lilian Etherington, Stratford Studios, Kensington.

FOOTBALL is becoming a favourite pastime in Berlin. There are now nine football clubs in the German capital, and on Sunday afternoons the members are allowed to play their matches on the Military Manœuvre Ground of the Tempelhofer Feld.

THE STRONG MEN are coming to the fore again. "Samson" announces his return from America to attend the trial of the action between him and the Aquarium Company; while negotiations are proceeding for a match between Sandow (now performing with "Goliath" at the Royal Music Hall) and the Brothers McCann.

**AN ORDER ISSUED BY THE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE** is gazetted, intimating that the muzzling prescribed by the Rabies Order of 1889 should not in Cheshire and eight specified boroughs in that county and in Lancashire apply to dogs provided with collars having legibly engraved on them the names and addresses of the owners.

# Antarctic Exploration by the Australian Colonies

By CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM, C.B., F.R.S., F.S.A.

THE importance and utility of geographical exploration have long been felt in the Australian Colonies. While enormous practical benefits have been derived from such enterprises by the colonists, their scientific value has always been fully appreciated and recognised. The Gold Medal of the Royal Geographical Society has been granted to Australian explorers no less than eleven times. With so honourable a geographical record, it is not surprising that Australians should desire to continue on the same course, and that, having completed the discovery of their own continent, they should turn their attention to Antarctic exploration.

There is certainly no more important field, and it is one which promises results of great value both to science and to commerce. With the exception of the voyages of Cook, Weddell, and Ross, all attempts to penetrate to the Far South have resulted in little more than reconnaissances round the Antarctic Circle, so that there is a vast field for future discovery, while as scientific knowledge advances such discovery becomes more and more important.

The movement which is now on foot in the Australian Colonies with a view to the promotion of Antarctic discovery is increasing in activity. This, therefore, seems a fitting time for supplying our readers with a sketch of the history of previous efforts to cross the Antarctic Circle, and of the progress of discovery so far as it has yet gone. From the dawn of modern geographical enterprise in the sixteenth century to the time of Captain Cook it was the general belief that the southern extremity of our planet was occupied by a vast continent, called "Terra Australis Incognita." It appeared on all maps of the world, and was often made to come up as far as 20 deg. S. in the Pacific Ocean. Expeditions were sent by the Spaniards from Peru, with the express object of finding this Australia, in 1567 and 1605, when Mandaña and Quiros discovered the New Hebrides and the Solomon Islands. But the first vessel which ever approached the Antarctic Circle was commanded by a Dutchman. A ship in the fleet of Jacob Mahu, named the *Good News*, with Dirk Gerritz as its captain, was driven as far south as 64 deg. and sighted land, which has since been called South Shetland. Then nearly two centuries elapsed, during which no far southern discovery was made; but at length, in January, 1772, an island was sighted by Lieutenant Kerguelen of the French navy in 48 deg. 41 min. S., who believed he had discovered the great "Terra Australis Incognita," and in 1774 M. de Rosnevet, of the French frigate *L'Oiseau* landed upon it. Captain Cook, in December of the same year, was the first to anchor a ship in any of the numerous harbours of the island. This was on Christmas Day, and the place of his anchorage was named Christmas Harbour, while the island received the name of Kerguelen. The harbours of this island were further examined and surveyed by Captain Rhodes of the *Hillsborough*, while employed in catching whales and sea elephants, in 1799. This island, although it is a thousand miles outside the Antarctic Circle, is important because it is favourably situated as a rendezvous at a point whence, in the opinion of Dr. Neumeyer and others, the southern polar regions may be most easily penetrated, namely, on the meridian of 69 deg. E.

The first serious attempt to examine the region round the South Pole was made by Captain Cook, with the two ships *Resolution* and *Adventure*, in January, 1773. Crossing the Antarctic Circle on the meridian of 39 deg. 35 min. E., Cook sighted thirty-eight icebergs, and his progress was finally stopped by the ice in 67 deg. 15 min. S. In December of the same year he again steered south from New Zealand, crossed the Circle in 147 deg. 46 min., and got as far south as 71 deg. 15 min. S. He examined the parallels near the Antarctic Circle from 175 deg. to 98 deg. W., and in December, 1774, he continued his researches from New Zealand to Magellan's Strait. He thus established the fact that the great "Terra Australis Incognita" of the old maps has no existence. In 1762 this southern continent was shown on maps of the world. After Cook's voyages it entirely disappeared. The great navigator proved that if a mass of land exists round the South Pole, it must be looked for to the south of the Antarctic Circle. Cook's conclusions were confirmed by the Russian Expedition, under Bellinghausen and Lazarev, in the *Vostoka* and *Thioni*, whose investigations were made from 1819 to 1821. Passing over many degrees of longitude

in low latitudes, and reaching 69 deg. 33 min. S., they only sighted two small islands, called "Peter" and "Alexander." This Russian discovery is memorable, because it was the first land ever seen within the Antarctic Circle.

From the beginning of the century until the departure of Sir James Ross's expedition, a number of islands were discovered near the Antarctic Circle, through the enterprise of the daring whaling captains who frequented the Southern Seas, and through the public-spirited enterprise of their employers. To the south of New Zealand, Auckland Island was discovered by Captain Bristow in 1806, and Campbell Island by Captain Hazlebrough in 1810. In 1818 Captain William Smyth, of Blyth, in the *William*, rediscovered the land of Dirk Gerritz, and named it South Shetland, and soon afterwards its coast was surveyed by Mr. Brandfield, the master of H.M.S. *Andromache*. Several American captains of whalers also went far to the southward, discovering South Orkney and Palmer Island, the latter being a portion of the South Shetland group. The French expedition, under Dumont d'Urville, in 1838, merely gave the names of Louis Philippe and Joinville to previous English discoveries. Sir James Ross, in 1842, increased our knowledge of the South Shetlands by a careful survey.

In 1823 a very remarkable voyage was made by Mr. Weddell, R.N., in command of two sealing vessels, the *Jane* and the *Beaufort*. He found his way, through masses of ice, beyond South Orkney, and as far as 74 deg. 15 min. S., the highest latitude that had been attained up to that time. He also fixed the position of Deception Island, in the South Shetland group, which was visited in 1829 by Captain Foster, as a position for scientific observations. Here he determined the length of the simple seconds pendulum.

But the most important Antarctic discoveries, previous to the voyages of Ross, were due to the public spirit of Messrs. Enderby, who instructed the captains of their vessels to combine geographical discovery with the work of seal and whale fishing. They sent out two small vessels, named the *Julia* and *Lively*, under the command of Captain John Biscoe, who discovered a continuous line of mountainous coast in 47 deg. E., which was nearly on the Antarctic Circle, but he only saw it from a distance of twenty miles. This was in February, 1831; and in 1833 Captain Kemp of the *Magpie* sighted the eastern end of the same coast, which was named Enderby's Land. In 1832 Biscoe again went south, and discovered another extensive line of coast to the south-west of the Shetlands, on which he landed. It trended southwards, across the Antarctic Circle, and received the name of Graham Land.

In 1839 Messrs. Enderby sent out the *Eliza Scott*, under the command of Captain Balleny, with the *Sabrina* cutter as a consort, a little vessel of fifty-four tons, commanded by Mr. Freeman. Balleny discovered a group of five islands in 66 deg. 45 min. S., nearly south of New Zealand, in February, 1839, and a fortnight afterwards there was strong appearance of land, which was named Sabrina Land. The "Terre Adelie," of Dumont d'Urville, seen in the same year, and the land reported by an American explorer, in 1840, appear to be part of the Balleny group. When it is considered with what vessels and means these gallant explorers braved the dangers of the ice in the high and stormy latitudes of the south Polar regions, and under what circumstances their discoveries were made, the highest praise should be accorded to them for their courage and perseverance. One of them, Captain Biscoe, received the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society in 1833.

The phenomena of terrestrial magnetism gave an impetus to exploration in the southern regions with the special object of determining the position of the south magnetic pole. The scientific importance of this determination having been represented to the Government of Lord Melbourne by the Royal Society and the British Association, it was resolved that an Antarctic Expedition should be fitted out under the command of Captain James Clark Ross, R.N., whose long and brilliant services in the Arctic regions pointed him out as specially fitted for the post. His second in command, Captain Crozier, and the first lieutenants of the two ships *Erebus* and *Terror*, Bird and M'Murdo, were also Arctic explorers. Sir Joseph Hooker, the great botanist, then a very young man, was appointed to the *Erebus* as naturalist. Dr. McCormick, whose narrative has recently been published, was surgeon of the *Erebus*, and the late Mr. Davis, of the Hydrographic Office, an excellent artist, to whose pencil we are indebted for the sketches which illustrate the narrative of the Expedition, was second master in the *Terror*. The *Erebus* was an old bomb ship of 370 tons, with a capacious hold.

The *Terror*, of 340 tons, had been strengthened for contending with the ice some years before, and had already been employed in the Arctic Seas. In 1837 Captain Back had taken her up Hudson's Strait, and brought her back to Lough Swilly, after many severe nips, in a sinking state. The damage she sustained had been repaired, and every improvement that former experience in the north could suggest was adopted in fitting out the two ships. In September, 1839, Captain Ross sailed from England; and in November, 1840, the Expedition left Hobart Town on its first and most important voyage across the Antarctic Circle.

After visiting the Auckland and Campbell Islands the *Erebus* and *Terror* crossed the Antarctic Circle on January 1st, 1841, and on the 5th the ships entered the ice pack, which proved to be about 200 miles in width. The pieces of ice were loosely packed, seldom exceeding 30 or 40 feet in diameter, with a smooth flat service. On the 20th they reached open water in 70 deg. S., and next day land ahead was reported from the crow's nest. It was an extensive and lofty range of coast-line, and was christened Victoria Land. Captain Ross landed on an islet off the mainland, named Possession Island, which was literally covered with penguins. In the course of ages they had formed an extensive guano deposit, resembling a dried-up peat-bog, so that an elastic sensation was given to the feet of the visitors. The number of birds was estimated by millions. The formation of the island is columnar basalt.

broken off from the barrier, were found to have grounded at a distance of sixty miles from it. Further on, a remarkable indentation, or bay, was discovered in the ice-cliff; but at this point the pack began to drift towards the cliffs, while ice was rapidly forming on the surface of the sea. They were in 77 deg. 56 min. S., and in no position for wintering. So Captain Ross reluctantly gave up any further attempt to continue the exploration of the barrier, and on the 14th of February he bore up and shaped a northerly course, after an examination of this wonderful phenomenon which extended over three weeks.

Returning to the neighbourhood of Mount Erebus, some magnificent volcanic eruptions were witnessed on the 16th, and the laborious work of returning northwards through the pack was commenced. The indentations of the coast of Victoria Land were filled with solid ice many hundreds of feet in thickness. The coast itself consists of perpendicular cliffs from two hundred to five hundred feet high, while a chain of grounded bergs extends some miles from the cliffs, all of tabular form, and from one to nine, or ten miles in circumference. Bidding farewell to this most interesting region, Captain Ross reluctantly made sail to the northward in the direction of the Balleny Islands, which were sighted on the 2nd of March, and early in April the expedition returned to Hobart Town. This memorable voyage was performed without loss of life, sickness, or casualty on board either ship.

The second voyage to the south was commenced in November, 1841, and on the 20th of January, 1842, the *Erebus* and *Terror* encountered a heavy gale of wind, with a heaving sea and long swell, while beset in the pack. Each wave was crested, not with spray and foam, but with huge masses of solid ice. Rolling heavily, the ships came into violent collision with the ice masses so frequently, that it was doubtful whether the timbers could long resist the fearful strain. Some enormous masses had white table-topped summits ten or twelve feet above the sea, while beneath the surface there were large tongues of ice. On the 1st of February the wind fell, and the weather cleared up, and on the 22nd the great ice barrier was sighted once more.

Next day, the highest latitude ever attained in the Antarctic Regions was reached by the expedition, namely 78 deg. 9 min. S. In returning northwards the ships were in fearful danger on the night of the 12th of March. The *Terror* came into collision with the *Erebus* during a gale, with a heavy sea and a line of huge icebergs under their lee. The bowsprit and foretopmast of the *Erebus* were carried away. Above both ships towered, through the mist of a dark gloomy night, the perpendicular walls of an enormous iceberg, threatening both ships with instant destruction. The two ships' sides were grinding against each other in the heavy sea. Then the *Terror* filled, smashed the starboard quarter boat of her consort like a nutshell as she passed, and disappeared in the gloom.

The *Erebus* was fast drifting within the surf which surged around the base of the iceberg, and was only kept off by the under-tow. There was but one alternative, and that was to make a stern-load. Captain Ross ordered the mainsail to be loosed and thrown flat aback. The ship gathered stern-way, and as she did so the yardarms actually brushed the sides of the berg until its western extremity was reached.

The ship's head was then got round, and she ran through a narrow opening between two icebergs, which was little wider than the ship's length. In the open sea the *Terror's* light was seen hove to under the lee of the chain of bergs. The *Terror's* anchor was seen sticking in the side of the *Erebus* below the surface of the water, just under the fore-chains, and there it remained until the end of the cruise. The ships reached the Falkland Islands on the 6th of April, and wintered there.

On the third voyage Captain Ross proceeded southwards, in the direction of the South Shetland group; but only reached a latitude of 71 deg. 30 min. S., in 55 deg. W. In the meridian of 40 deg. W. Captain Weddell, in 1823, had got as far south as 74 deg. 15 min. where he was in an open sea, free of ice as far as the eye could reach. Ross was on the meridian of Cape Horn, where there is very intricate navigation along the shores of the South Shetland group, with chains of grounded bergs and much closely-packed ice. One of the largest icebergs seen was five miles long, with an average height of 200 feet. The greatest depth of soundings obtained by Ross's Expedition was 4,600 fathoms, with no bottom, on June 3rd, 1841, in latitude 15 deg. 3 min. S., longitude 23 deg. 14 min. W. Much greater depths have been obtained with improved appliances in more recent times. On the 7th of September, 1843, Sir James Ross's Expedition returned to England after four years' absence.

(To be concluded)



"LA BELLE BRETONNE"

From a Photograph exhibited at the Photographic Exhibition

For some days afterwards there was a south-easterly gale, and the ships had to beat to windward, still in sight of the mass of newly-discovered land, with grand mountain peaks rising to heights of 7,000 and 8,000 feet. On the 27th Captain Ross succeeded in landing on another small volcanic islet off the coast, which was named Franklin Island; and on the 28th a stupendous volcano came in sight, emitting flames and volumes of smoke. The peak was found to be 12,400 feet above the sea, in latitude 77 deg. 31 min. S. Near it, and only separated by a saddle of ice-clad land, arose a sister-mountain to a height of 10,900 feet. They were named Mounts "Erebus" and "Terror." Here began the wall of ice, averaging a height of 150 feet, and extending, without a break, for 450 miles, which was called the "Great Southern Barrier." It stretched away in a south-easterly and north-westerly direction, with a perpendicular face and flat summit, and its base was perforated with caverns hollowed out by the constant action of the waves. The depth of 400 fathoms seemed to indicate that the outer edge of the barrier was not resting on the bottom, but was borne upwards by the water.

High land, which formed the background of the barrier, and is the southernmost known land, received the name of the Parry Mountains. At a distance of 200 miles from the foot of Mount Terror, where the ice-wall had its origin, a chain of table-topped icebergs 150 to 200 feet high, which had evidently been

### THE COMING IMPERIAL WEDDING AT BERLIN

THE Empress Frederick's widowhood has already been brightened by the marriage of one of her children—Princess Sophie, now Crown Princess of Greece—and, on November 20th next, her second daughter, Princess Victoria, will be united to Prince Adolf of Schaumburg-Lippe. The bride-elect, Princess Frederica Amelia Wilhelmina Victoria, is the fifth child of the Empress and the late Emperor, and is twenty-four years old, having been born at Potsdam on April 12th, 1866. Like her brothers and sisters, the Princess was brought up in quiet domestic style under the immediate superintendence of her mother and father, and, whilst receiving a highly-advanced education, was also taught to cook and use her needle as a true German housewife. However, the Princess's chief bent has been towards Art—a taste inherited from her mother, and developed by several visits to Italy. From early youth she has been the Empress's constant companion, and has not only shared closely the great trouble of the Emperor Frederick's illness and death, but has met with her own serious sorrow in early life. Princess Victoria and handsome Prince Alexander of Bulgaria



H.I.M. PRINCESS VICTORIA OF PRUSSIA

fell in love, but political difficulties and the then-omnipotent Prince Bismarck stood in the way of the union, and the lovers were parted. Later on, when the Emperor Frederick came to the Throne, the engagement was again discussed, but the opposition continued, and Prince Alexander's sudden marriage effectually settled the question. Numerous bridegrooms have been proposed since then, but the Princess's choice finally fell upon Prince Adolf, and the engagement was decided at Homburg early this summer. The Prince and Princess were betrothed at Berlin in June, and soon after Princess Victoria came to England to stay with the Queen, followed by her fiancé to make acquaintance with his future Royal grandmother. The Princess has been in England frequently, visiting the Queen in the Highlands, and staying at the Isle of Wight or other south-coast watering-places.

Prince Adolf William Victor, sixth and youngest child of the reigning Prince of Schaumburg-Lippe, is a handsome Hussar of thirty-one. Tall and dark, he is a smart soldier, acting as a First



H.S.H. PRINCE ADOLF OF SCHAUMBURG-LIPPE

Lieutenant in the Prussian King's Hussars, and also attached to the Westphalian Chasseurs, garrisoned in Bückeburg, the little capital of his father's Principality. His keen love of sport won the heart of Emperor William when he was shooting in the Bückeburg forests last year. Thus the marriage is very popular, and Emperor William will give his sister a handsome addition to the dowry of 40,000*l.*, which completes her annual income of 3,000*l.* A large gathering of relatives will assemble at Berlin for the wedding, including the Prince of Wales, and other members of the British Royal family. Princess Victoria's trousseau is being made chiefly in Berlin and London, and her wedding veil at the National Art Lace School at Schmiedeberg, Silesia, in which the Empress takes much interest. Four lovely Oriental dresses are also coming from the Greek School of Art Weaving at Athens, chosen during the Princess's recent visit to Greece. The marriage will not interfere with Prince Adolf's military duties, and as his Hussar regiment is quartered at Bonn the young couple have taken a villa close by. Our portraits are from photographs: the Princess Victoria by W. Heffert, Berlin, and Prince Adolf by W. Focke, Bückeburg.

### THE GARDEN OF CYMODOCE

WHAT more pleasant exercise can there be for the fancy than to construct an imaginary island, endowing it profusely with every delight, and making it an ideal place in which to spend an idle holiday? This perfect island must not be overrun with tourists, and yet should be within easy reach of London; small in size, and yet full of the wildest beauties; blest with a glorious and bracing climate; in short, a sea-girt Garden of Eden, of which every nook and corner should be worth seeing over and over again. Let us imagine a tract of country, equal in size to Hyde Park, Regent's Park, and Hampstead Heath joined together, to be transported to mid-sea. Let this tract form a rolling table-land, averaging 300 ft. above high water mark, or, to be more precise, let there be two such islands, one much larger than the other, and each of them surrounded on all sides by magnificent precipices. Let the two together be roughly of the shape of the figure 8, touching at one point only, and connected at that point of junction by a natural isthmus of rock not more than 6 ft. wide at the top, but more than 200 ft. long, with a stupendous precipice of nearly 300 ft. on either side down to the blue sea. Let us suppose the coast itself to be very fantastic and irregular, its precipitous outline being pierced and broken with innumerable bays, caves, chasms, and passes, while the table-land within is full of pleasant valleys, a paradise of flowers and greenery. Let us suppose the population to be about 600, and to consist almost entirely of people employed in fishing and farming, all healthy and contented, the men strong and hardy, the children lovely.

One would imagine that the sudden creation of such a paradise near England would cause a tumultuous rush of tourists eager to enjoy its beauties. And yet—will it be believed?—the island is no figment of the fancy. Our imaginary description applies without exaggeration to Serk, or, as Swinburne has called it, "the garden of Cymodoce," the smallest, but by far the most beautiful of the Channel Islands.

As the little steamer from Guernsey brings us to the Creux harbour, on the eastern side of the island, we have an opportunity of noticing the general character of the cliffs, their steepness, and their *bizarre* shapes. Round the harbour itself they frown so severely that we wonder by what means the ascent is to be made to the interior of the island. On reaching the pier, we find that tunnels have been cut through the solid rock by which we gain access to the tableland above. Most of those who see Serk come as excursionists, staying only a few hours and going back the same day. In so short a visit, it is only possible to see a few of the wonders of the island. Among the more important of these is the appalling isthmus above referred to, known as the *Coupee*. It is true that the top of it has been trimmed, so as to form a roadway practicable for carts, and that the most nervous foot passengers can pass over it safely; but, nevertheless, most people, when crossing it for the first time, do so with a sense of extreme insecurity, a feeling of excitement born of terror. It is—

One sheer thread of narrowing precipice  
Bifront, that binds and sunders  
Abyss from hollower imminent abyss  
And wilder isle with island.

Another wonder of Serk is the famous Creux du Derrible. This is a round hole as wide as the Round Pond at Kensington, and its walls descend perpendicularly into the earth to a depth of two hundred feet. At the bottom it is connected with the sea by a horizontal tunnel through the rock. At low spring tides the tunnel is dry, and may be explored by those who are willing to venture upon the rather steep descent to the beach by the cliff outside, but at high tides the sea roars and rages furiously through it. In Little Serk there is another and smaller Creux, known as the Pot, with a pathway leading down inside it, and a similar tunnel opening upon the beach; and in other parts of the island are other Creux, but none so perfect as these two, unless perhaps we except the Creux Belet.

Serk has so many glories that it seems invidious to single out any one of them for special praise, but, as we have no space to describe them all, we will confine ourselves to its caves. There must be at least two hundred caves in Serk. The variety of their shapes is extraordinary. Every cliff seems to be honeycombed. At the extreme northern point of the island are the wonderful caverns called "The Boutiques." Let us try with the aid of a few homely analogies to give our readers some faint idea of this remarkable place. After scrambling down a steep slope in a sharp-cut chasm, and scaling another slope, we reach the southern entrance, and climb into the mouth of a mighty tunnel which slants downwards at an angle of forty-five degrees into the bowels of the earth. In size it may be compared with the Underground Railway, but the shape varies at every step, sometimes widening into a vast vault, and sometimes contracting to a narrow slit. The cave echoes continually with the booming of the sea. The sloping floor of the tunnel is heaped with a confusion of boulders, many of them as big as the lions in Trafalgar Square. Climbing carefully down among these for about eighty yards, and striking matches at every step (for carelessness might involve a broken leg), we find daylight at last in a great central vaulted chamber, open on the left to the sea-shore. To the right is a long cave leading inland through polished blood-red columns; and straight ahead is another dark tunnel about eighty yards long. Entering this, and staggering on through shallow pools and over wet rocks, we again find ourselves in the open air; but our difficulties are not yet over. We are now in a *cul de sac*, surrounded on all sides by perpendicular walls of black rock, and unless we prefer to scramble back by the way we came our only exit is by scaling a precipice like the side of a house. Fortunately the ascent, as the guide-book says, "is not so impossible as it looks at first sight." Still it is rather severe, and we have known people when half-way up to be seized with a fit of ungovernable trembling. On the other hand, we have seen the feat performed, and very easily performed, by ladies. The fact is that at every step there are convenient little juts of rock which can be firmly grasped by the hand, and equally convenient holes or projections for the feet, and to those who can free their minds of the idea of danger the difficulty is not very great.

At the extreme western point of the island is a sharp promontory of granite pierced near the water-line with a network of glorious caves. These caves—the Gouliots—run clean through the promontory, opening out upon the sea at both ends. At high tide they are foaming sluices; two of them—the Chimney and the Main Cave—are accessible at ordinary low tides, but the mysterious Tubularia Cave, whose walls are covered with sponges, madrepores, and sea-anemones innumerable, can only be visited at very low spring-tides.

The sea on the seventh day breaks but a little, that man may behold  
What the sun hath not looked on, the stars of the night have not seen as of old.

So says the poet; but if a fine day be selected it will be found that a part at any rate of this singular mermaid's palace is beautifully illuminated by the sunshine. The approach to the Gouliot caves is by a path, not particularly steep or difficult in itself, but passing here and there along the very verge of a precipice. In order to see the caves properly the visitor should be prepared to wade through shallow pools, and he will not be sorry if he brings a pair of bathing shoes. The outer caves are paved with small loose pebbles, but the Main Cave and the Chimney are strewn with massive boulders, which necessitate a little rough scrambling.

All the wonders of Serk may be seen and enjoyed without risk to life or limb, but, on the other hand, there are many dangerous

passes and ascents for those who like the sensation of being within an ace of sudden death. Last year a party of adventurous la lies held a picnic on the top of the largest of the Autelets. The Autelets are four towering pinnacles of stone which stick up from the sea in Saignie Bay. The ascent of the large one is undoubtedly risky, although perhaps not so perilous as certain other climbs which are too frequently attempted in Serk; as the faithful guide-book says:—"It is not recommended." But it would be wrong to suppose that the interest of the island is confined to its exciting coast-line. What more lovely valley can be found than Baker's Valley, leading down to Dixcart Bay? What point in the world commands a finer prospect than the Windmill in the centre of the island? We might go on to speak of the Seigneurie grounds, the schoolmaster's rose-covered cottage, the church, the old cemetery, where generations of De Carterets, Hamons, and Guilles lie buried, and even the quaint French epitaphs on the tombstones, one of which we may give as an example:—

La mon corps reposant dans une nuit profonde  
Attendra le réveil du dernier jour du monde;  
J'irai chanter, sortant de la captivité,  
Le cantique éternel de l'immortalité.

But the theme would be endless, and long pages of description, after all, would only enforce the conclusion that the glories of the Garden of Cymodoce must be seen by the faithful eye in order to be fitly appreciated. R. C. D.

### RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

BEFORE to-day we have had occasion to speak well of the poetic gift and easy grace of style which characterise the work of Mr. Henry Rose. He has now collected his verses in one volume, "The Works of Henry Rose" (Reeves and Turner), adding an Oriental poem, "Abdallah," and a few smaller pieces, which are now printed for the first time. The author tells that he has endeavoured in all he has written to leave nothing obscure or doubtful, but to portray each scene, with its true surroundings and atmosphere, as it was impressed upon his own imagination. It is to the failure of the average bard to appreciate such principles that Mr. Rose attributes what he calls "the growing depreciation of poetry." The author himself finds expression in many measures for his perception of beauty, and in all he excels. His verse seems rarely to fall short of his ideal of clearness, straightforwardness, and proportion, and where he uses rhyme, the rhyme is well-defined. "Abdallah" is the most important of the added poems. The theme is a romance of Eastern legend, and is wrought with force and ingenuity, and a rare mastery of the weird. Many of his admirers will probably prefer Mr. Rose in his portrayal of a rustic



SECLUSION

quietude and repose such as is depicted in the accompanying illustration, to which we may appropriately append the following stanzas from the composition known as "Seclusion":—

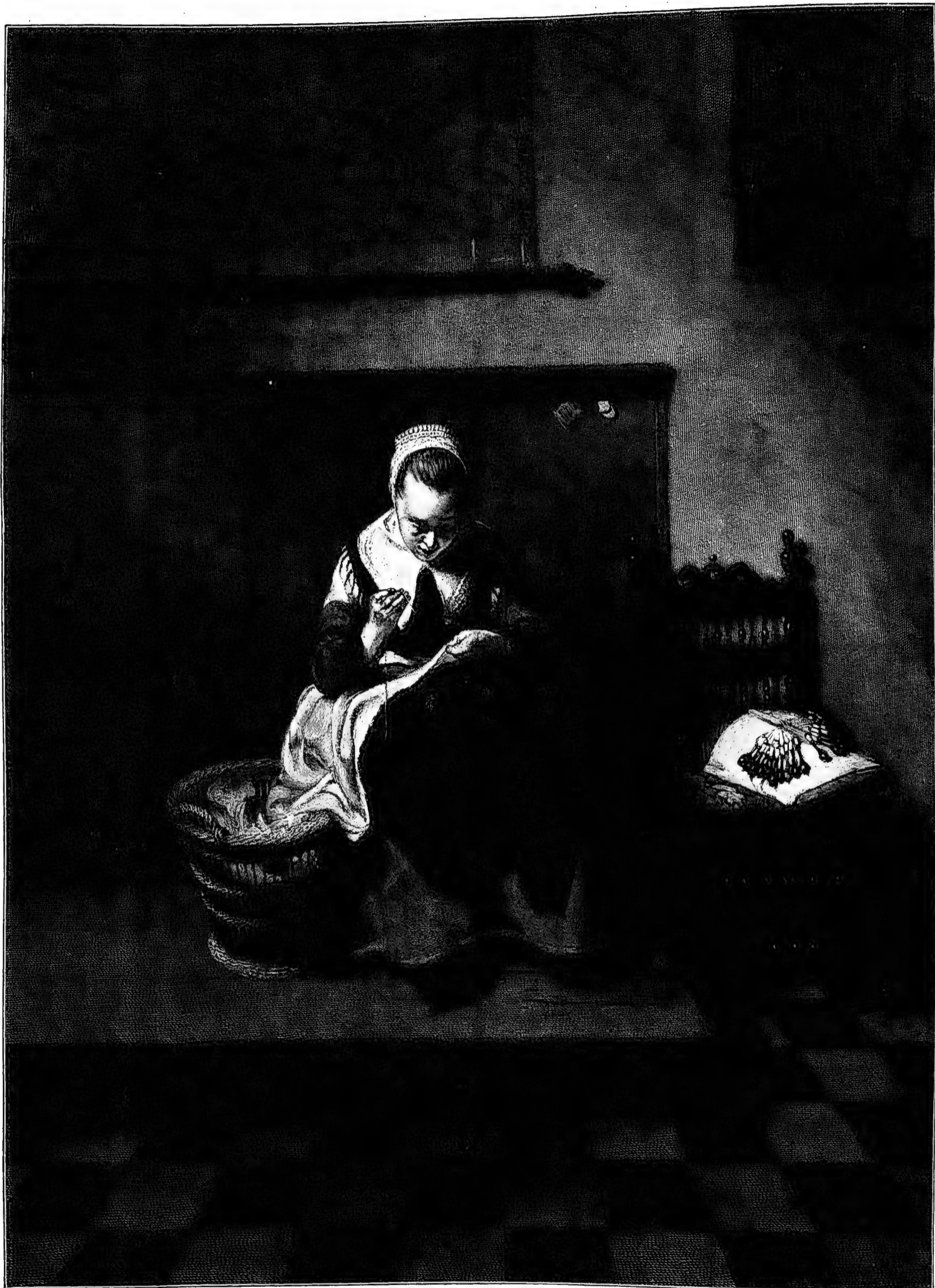
The light that fills the heavens is mine,  
The forests wave for me,  
For me buds burgeon, planets shine,  
And verdure clothes the lea:  
Above me gorgeous hues are spread  
As daylight grows or fades;  
Elastic moss receives my tread  
In green and shadowy glades;  
And through the hush of sultry noon,  
When all the prospect sleeps;  
Or when the tranquillising moon  
Her placid station keeps;  
I muse upon the lovelier lore  
Denied the worldly wise,  
Intent to garner more and more  
From fields and woods and skies.

There is much in Mr. Rose's work that recalls Wordsworth, and much that reminds us of Tennyson.

Not a few people will be grateful to Messrs. Smith, Elder, for publishing cheaply a neat, nicely-printed "Pocket Volume of Selections from the Poetical Works of Robert Browning." A large number of the poems are from "Asolando," and some Browning enthusiasts may grumble over certain omissions. On the whole, we think the volume will meet the wants of a very considerable public.

ALSACE-LORRAINE is to be Germanised thoroughly by 1894. From that date French will no longer be taught in the schools.

CLOCKS ARE OUT OF FAVOUR in fashionable Parisian drawing-rooms; they suggest the hour of departure to visitors too openly. Still, as it is inconvenient not to know the time, fashion sanctions an old watch being hung on the wall, framed in an artistic drapery of antique brocade. The watch ought to be a family heirloom, the more old-fashioned the better.



"A WOMAN SEWING"

FROM THE PICTURE BY NICHOLAS MAES, EXHIBITED AT THE EXHIBITION OF OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

[BY PERMISSION OF LORD ASHBURTON]



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

"Thou art too free with thy kisses, too lavish in thy love, to please me"

## "URITH: A TALE OF DARTMOOR"

BY S. BARING GOULD, M.A.,

AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH," "JOHN HERRING," "COURT ROYAL," &C.

### CHAPTER XXXVI.

#### IN TEMPTATION

ANTHONY entered the little parlour, or bower, of Kilworthy. It looked comfortable and bright. A fire of logs burnt on the hearth, with turf thrust into the interstices between the logs, and the pleasant fragrance of the peat filled the room, without being strong enough to be offensive. Outside, everything was grey and moist and dull; within, a red and yellow sparkle, and a sense of dryness. The walls were hung with good paintings, in silvered frames, richly carved. A crimson mat was on the polished floor, and embroidered crimson curtains hung by the window.

Julian was doing no work. She was sitting by the fire in a day-dream, in much the attitude that was assumed by Bessie at that very time in the little parlour of Aunt Magdalen's house, beside her cold, cheerless hearth.

Anthony had thrown off his wet cloak and sopped hat, and was fairly dry beneath them, he wore high and strong boots, and these he had made as clean as was possible on the mats before entering.

"How are you, Julian? Where is Fox?"

Julian started as he spoke. Her mind had been engaged on him, and the sound of his voice came on her unwelcome at that moment.

Sitting over her fire she had been considering her conduct, asking herself whither she was going, what was to be the end of her encouragement of Anthony.

She repeated to herself as excuse, that she had thrown the glove at Urith, and that the challenge had been accepted. The contest was a fair and open one; each used what weapons she had. If men might call each other out and fight, why not women also contend on their own special ground, in their own manner?

Urith had won in the first round, had carried off the prize, but in this second round, she—Julian—was beating her adversary. She could not take the prize over to herself, and wear it as her own; that she knew well enough; but she could render it worthless in the eyes of Urith—spoil irretrievably her pleasure in it.

Was she justified in pursuing her advantage? Was the result she would arrive at one to fill her with content? She would destroy the happiness of Urith, perhaps that also of Anthony, break in pieces all domestic concord for ever in Willsworthy, to satisfy her own pride and revenge. She loved Anthony, always had loved him, but had sufficient cool resolution not to go a step with him beyond what she would allow herself, to establish the completeness of her triumph

over Urith. She loved him out of pure selfishness, without the smallest regard for his well-being, hardly more compunction for the torture she was administering than has the child that plays with a cockchafer by thrusting a pin through it, attaching a thread to the pin, and whirling the insect round his head. But Julian was not suffered to proceed without some qualms of conscience, some warnings given by her better nature, and when Anthony entered it was at a moment when she had almost resolved to give up the contest, satisfied with what she had gained.

Fox was out, answered Julian to Anthony's inquiry, he had gone into the town. Then she was silent.

Anthony went into the window, where was a box seat, and planted himself there, not looking at her, but looking away, at the door; and he took his knee between his hands. Both remained silent. He was weary, not with the length of his walk, but with walking wrapped in a cloak that had become heavy with moisture, and with the closeness of the day. He was, moreover, in no good mood, dissatisfied with himself, discontented with the world, and at a loss what to say, now that he found himself in the company of the girl he had come to see.

Julian pouted, and looked at the fire. The day, with its continuous drizzle, had been one of tedium to her. She was not accustomed to work, like Bessie, whose hands were never idle. She took up some embroidery, tried to paint, attempted knitting, and threw all aside, after ten minutes, with restless impatience. She had taken a book in the afternoon, read a chapter, remembered that she had read the same book before, and cast it into the window seat. She did not even replace it on its proper shelf. Then she had fallen to her desultory musings, to listening languidly to her conscience, and answering its remonstrances evasively. She had, as already said, almost resolved to leave Anthony alone, and to be content with what mischief she had already done. But the resolution was no more than almost arrived at; for she had not the moral courage to make a final resolution to which she would force herself to adhere.

Anthony, on his side, had been spoiled, so, on her side, had Julian. He had been flattered and made much of as the heir to Kil-Hall; she had been treated in a similar manner as heiress to Kilworthy. Her mother had died early, her father was an impractical political and religious dreamer, who had exercised no control over her; and she had been brought up chiefly by servants, who had fawned on her, and given her whatever she wanted. She was therefore wayward, wilful, and selfish, with no fixed principles, and no power of self-control—a feminine reflex of Anthony, but with more passion and latent force of character than he.

The two sat silent for full ten minutes, each looking in an opposite direction, and each with a shoulder turned to the other. Anthony had come hoping to be received with pleasure; but Julian showed no alacrity in receiving his visit, and this helped to depress him.

Presently Julian turned her face over her shoulder, and said, "I suppose you do not know where Fox is, or you would not have come to his lair."

"Certainly I do not know."

Anthony looked at the window-glass. Either the fire had considerably heated the atmosphere of the room, or the wind without had veered northward and made the air colder, for breath had condensed on the glass. He put up his finger, and wrote on a pane "A. C."

"I know, for he was too full of his plans to keep them from bursting forth at his mouth," said Julian.

"I dare be bound it was so," answered Anthony, listlessly; then on another pane he wrote "J. C."

"And you are not interested to know whither he has gone and what he seeks?"

"No," said Anthony. "I came here to see him. I found no one at Cudliptown, and Sol Gibbs is dull company at Willsworthy."

"You have other company there than Sol Gibbs?"

"Whom do you mean?"

"There is Urith—your wife," with a sharp flash of her eye out of the corner; and insensibly she put one knee up and hugged it, as did Anthony.

"Oh! Urith," he repeated, in a tone in which she discerned something like a sneer.

"Your wife."

"One cannot be talking to a wife all day," he said, peevishly, and let fall his leg and loosened his plaited fingers. She instinctively did the same.

"Can you not? Oh, indeed, that is news to me. I should have thought that you would never have lacked material for talk. Flames, darts—hymeneal altars smoking."

He looked sullenly out of the window, turning his back to her, and made no reply. She waited for a response, then said,

"If not these subjects, then chickens and goslings."

He turned his head impatiently, and said,

"You are mocking me. You!—and I came here for comfort from you—you, Julian!"

There was pain in his manner and expression, and she was somewhat touched.

"Oh, Anthony, you said you had come here after Fox, and now you say you came to see me."

He passed his hand over his forehead to wipe away the drops formed there. He did not answer her, to correct the effect of his words, but put up his hand to the glass, and with a shaking finger drew on the diamond pane, between the initials, a lover's knot.

"Anthony," she said, after a pause, "I suppose I must tell you why Fox has gone into Tavistock, for it concerns you mightily, and you should not be kept in the dark concerning him. Do you recall what I said when we were dancing together at Wringworthy?"

"No, Julian, nothing. That was a bright and delightful dream. I have awaked out of it, and remember nothing."

"I told you that Fox had set his mind on Bessie—your Bessie. You scouted the notion, but I spoke the truth. And he has been as open to his father and me thereon as is possible for him. You, Anthony, have a good and kind nature—you are too ready to trust any one. Always upright and straightforward yourself, never thinking evil in your heart, never putting forth a foot to trip up an enemy—certainly never a friend."

Anthony's head was raised. This was what he wanted—a few words of commendation came down as warm rays of sunshine on his depressed and drooping heart.

"You, Tony, have never mistrusted Fox, for it was not in you to mistrust any one. But I know his real nature. He is seeking his own ends. He has been over at Hall two and three times a week, and—" she laughed, "will you believe it?—has been cajoling the old man, your father, into the belief that it is possible he may win and wear me, as—as—" she hesitated. "As he was disappointed—"

Anthony turned and looked at her, and their eyes met. Hers fell, and he looked again hastily at the window-pane—at the initials, and the lover's knot between them. The moisture had collected in the figures he had described, and had formed drops at the bottom of each droplet.

"That is not all. Whether your father builds greatly on this or not I cannot say; but Fox has dangled the prospect before him, whilst he snatched at something for himself—even at Bessie, the heiress of Hall, now that you are thrown out into the wet and cold."

Anthony sighed involuntarily. Yes, he was out, indeed, in the wet and cold at Willsworthy—not metaphorically only, but actually as well.

"Now," continued Julian, "you shall hear the whole plan as worked out. Fox has gone in to-day to meet Bessie and your father at your Aunt Magdalen's house, and your aunt has been inveigled into uniting her persuasion to the commands of your father to induce Bessie to jump down the Fox's throat."

"It cannot be," said Anthony. "Bess will never—and she does not care for Fox."

"She may not have the power to resist. Girls have not the daring and independence of you men. When Fox has got his way, then he intends to change his name, and live at Hall with your father, who will re-settle the property on him and his heirs, that so there may still be an Anthony Cleverdon of Hall."

"Never! No—never!" exclaimed Anthony, springing to his feet. "He cannot—he shall not do that. 'Fox' will never play me such a base trick as that! Bessie never will lend herself to be made a tool of like that!"

"Bessie is true to you—that never doubt; but do not lean on my brother; he is false to every one."

"He never shall become a Cleverdon. What! Good heavens! He take my name, my place, my rights, my inheritance, my everything?"

"Not everything," said Julian, maliciously. "He does not stretch a hand for your Urith and for Willsworthy—only for what you tossed away as valueless."

Anthony uttered an oath, and cast himself back where he had been before, in the seat in the window, and put his hands to his brow and clasped them there, leaning his head against the window sill.

Then, for some while, both remained silent, but Julian turned herself about in her seat to look at him.

Was that the same Anthony she had loved and admired? This dejected, sad man, with his head bowed, his face pale, and lined with trouble? It was certain that he was vastly altered. Her woman's eye detected a difference in his clothing. Formerly he had been ever dapper; without foppishness, his dress always of the best and well cared for; now it was old and worn, in places threadbare. Nor was it, though poor, yet with the merit of being attended to. Timely stitches had not been given where they had been needed, nor tags and buttons added that had fallen off. His boots were shabby, and trodden down at the heel. The wet and dirt undoubtedly gave to them a special shabbiness on that day, but Julian could see that they were out of shape and past their best days. The trimness and gloss had gone out of Anthony's outer case, and his spirits within had lost as much, if not more. There was none of the ancient merriment, none of the self-conscious swagger, none of the old assurance of manner in him. He had become morose, peevish; he showed a diffidence which was the reverse of his former self. It was a diffidence mingled with resentment, the product of his consciousness that the world was turned against him, and of his bitterness at knowing this. Anthony's nature was one that required sunshine, as a peacock demands it that its beauty and splendour may appear. Come rain, and how the feathers clog and droop and drizzle—how squalid a fowl it appears! So was Anthony now—a faded disconsolate shadow of his old self, without the nerve to bear up against what depressed him, the adaptability to shape himself to his new surroundings.

As Julian looked at him she pitied him. Her love for him warmed her, and made her forget the cruelty of the part she was playing. The child of impulse, feeling this qualm of compassion, she rose and gently came across the room to him.

He heard her not, coming in her light slippers on the carpet, so engrossed was he in his wretched thoughts. Every one had turned against him—every one in whom he had trusted. His friend Fox, the only man who had seemed not to be affected by the general adverse tone of opinion, he had given him the most stinging blow of all. He was now at variance with his father, with his friend—if Bessie consented to take Fox, he could never regard her with esteem again; at home he had quarrelled with Uncle Solomon, and raised his hand against him; he had alienated from him his wife; his aunt was in league against him; the servants at Willsworthy would take sides with their mistress. What wretchedness! What hopelessness was his! There was no one—no one but Julian who had a word of kindness, a spark of feeling for him. He heard the rustle of her gown and looked up.

She was standing by him, looking down on his ruffled hair, that hung over his hands, clasped upon his forehead. He hastily brushed away the scattered locks.

"Oh, Anthony!" she said, "what have you been doing here? What drawn on the glass?"

He slightly coloured, put his hand to the panes and covered them.

"Nay," she said, taking hold of his hand, and drawing it away, "nay, let me read."

"I have writ," said he, bitterly, "what might have been, and then—" he gulped down his rising emotion, "then I had been—"

She stooped and kissed him on the brow, "Poor boy!"

Instantly he threw his arms round her neck and drew her face to his, and kissed her cheeks and lips, passionately. She—she alone remained to him—and yet—how far apart they were.

She sprang away with a cry. The door was open, and in it stood old Anthony Cleverdon.

## CHAPTER XXXVII. ANOTHER TEMPTATION

ANTHONY rose, when he saw his father, with instinctive filial respect, but he did not look him in the face. He could not do this.

"Hah!" said the old man, entering the room, and closing the door behind him. "I had come here with an intent that is now set aside. I had come, Julian, to tell thee that it was yet in thy power to weld together the estates of Hall and Kilworthy, notwithstanding what has occurred—that is, if thou wouldst overlook a certain disparity in years; and keep thine eye fixed on the main advantage. But that is over. I am glad I came when I chanced, and in time to save me from running a great risk. Thou art too free with thy kisses, too lavish in thy love to please me."

He spoke as though what he said must wither Julian, crush her under the sense of her great loss. His assurance that she must be attracted by the same ambition as himself was so grotesque that Julian at once rallied from the confusion that had covered her, laughed, and said:

"You do me a mighty honour."

"Not at all—I decline to show you the honour."

"So much the better. When I walk through a wood I do not like to have the bramble claw at me. If it does, then I must turn and put my foot on it. Let the bramble hug the nettle, and not aim at the lady."

Her impudence staggered him.

"It is mighty sport," she continued, "to hear that little Hall desired to hitch itself on to the skirts of Kilworthy. But Master Cleverdon, if thou art in a marrying mood, prithee go to the next giglet fair, and choose thee there a wench."

Her insolence had its effect; the effect designed. Instead of being attacked by the old Squire, she was the assailant, and she hit him where she knew she could keenly wound him, so as to draw off his thoughts from what he had just seen. He was offended and angry.

"There," said she—"sit down in my seat by the fire. I meant no harm; but as you were absurd on your side, I made grimaces on mine. I am glad you are here, and face to face with Anthony, for, mayhap, I can persuade you to that which, unpersuaded, you were loth to do."

The old man was so angry that he did not answer her. He remained near the door, doubtful whether to retire or to come forward. He had not expected to meet his son there, and was unprepared for an interview; though hardly regretting it, for, in his bitter and resentful spirit, he was willing that Anthony should hear from his own lips what he designed—learn to the full the completeness of the severance between them.

"Whatever persuasion you may attempt," said he, looking at Julian, "comes at a wrong time, after you have shown me that you are a person who, not respecting herself, deserves no respect from another, and after you have grossly insulted me. But I will listen to you, though I tell you what you say will not weigh with me as a feather."

"If that be so," laughed Julian, "I will spare myself the trouble. But look at your son; look at him calmly, and tell me whether I was wrong in pitying him, ay, and if, in consideration of old, tried friendship, that has been almost cousinship—so well have we known each other since childhood—was I so very wrong in lightly touching his brow with my lips, for from my heart I was sorry for him. Think what it would have been for you, when you married, had your father lived and treated you as you have treated Anthony! Is a man to be cast out of every home because he has committed one folly? I dare stake my word that Anthony has rued his act almost daily; and is all his regret to count for nothing?"

"A man must take the consequences of what he has done."

"Julian, I do not wish you to plead my cause," said Anthony, coming before his father; "I will speak to him myself. I want to ask of him a question or two."

"I will answer them," said the old man. "Say on."

"I desire to know for certain whether you intend to give Bessie to Fox Crymes?"

"Yes, I do."

"And she consents?"

"All are not so disobedient as yourself."

"And if she refuses?"

"She will not refuse. I can but let her go, as I let you go. But she will not refuse; I have that to say to her which will make her give way."

"Then if she takes Fox, do you intend to take him into Hall?"

"Yes, I do."

"And under my name?"

"Certainly. He changes his name of Crymes to that of Cleverdon when he becomes my son."

"Then I tell you it shall not be. There shall not be another Anthony Cleverdon in Hall. I give you and Fox fair warning. There cannot—there shall not—be a supplanter in Hall bearing my name."

"We shall see."

"Yes, you shall see. Tell Fox what I have said."

"Tell him yourself. I will be no bearer of messages between you."

"Mr. Cleverdon," said Julian, "I cannot let you meet and part in my presence, spoiling all my pleasure in this little room for ever with the remembrance of this scene, without one more effort to bring you to agreement. Come, now—what if Anthony returns to you?"

"Returns to me?"

"Yes, what if he throws up all connexion with Willsworthy? He is wretched there—poverty-stricken. He is unhappy in a hundred ways. Look at his face. Where is the old brightness—where the old pride? He has lost all the ancient merry Anthony, and is now a sad one. Let him come back to Hall, and leave Urith to manage with her uncle—to manage, or mismanage—as before, till all goes there to pieces. He has committed a boyish folly, and he knows it. He has thrown away gold for dross, and he has found it out. He will now be twice the Tony to you that he was. Then he was thoughtless, careless, devil-may-care; now he has learned a lesson, and learned it so sharply that he will never forget it again. He has learned what disobedience costs—what it is to go against a father—what boy's fancies are compared with matured plans in the head of a man. Give him that chance. Come, you do not know Fox as I know him. Take him into your house, and he will not be more dutiful to you than has been your own Tony. He will make you unhappy, and your Bessie wretched. I saw by Tony's face, when he came here, that he had quarrelled with his wife. He came here because his home was hateful to him—because it was unendurable to him to be there any more. We cannot retain him here. Let him go to thee, and there will be an end to Fox and his story with Bessie. Anthony will be dutiful and loving henceforth, and cling to thee, and esteem thee, as he never clung to thee and esteemed thee heretofore."

Anthony was speechless. The blood rushed into his face. Everything might be as it was—or almost everything.

Old Anthony Cleverdon stood irresolute.

He had misgivings relative to Fox. One crafty, malevolent nature mistrusts another of the same quality. His daughter's

peace of mind troubled him little, but he was by no means certain that Fox, once in the house, might not presume, and that there would not be sharp contests between them. Moreover, when Fox was there, married to his daughter, his place would be assured, and the old man could not well drive him from it. There were other reasons which made the old Squire feel that, to some extent, Fox would be unassailable, and might be eminently disagreeable.

The suggestion made by Julian was inviting. In the depth of his heart lurked love for his only son; his old pride in him was there, and was wounded and sore with the spectacle of the lad humbled, sinking out of men's favour, and out of his old dignity. He now looked at him, and saw what an alteration had taken place in him—how oldened and worn in face he was, how shabby in his clothing.

"Do you know, Mr. Cleverdon," pursued Julian, "why it was that poor Tony caught me by the neck and kissed me? It was because he was so utterly forlorn and disconsolate; he had lost all his friends, his heart was void through bereavement from his father; he was estranged from that Jacob, that supplanter, Fox; he saw his own sister turning against him, and—I doubt not he has not found that solace and sufficiency in his own home that would make up for these mighty losses. He held me, because he had none other. I do not want him, I have no right to him—let me cast him off—but only on to his father's bosom, into his father's arms."

The old man went to the window and looked forth. His face was agitated. He must have time to consider.

Anthony, moreover, remained mute, and his face was troubled. A terrible temptation was presented to him. He believed that now, were he to throw himself at his father's feet, take his hand, and ask his forgiveness, the old man would receive him back at once into favour on the terms proposed by Julian. That he would forgive him on any other, he might not expect. That he knew full well.

And the old man saw that an opportunity was offered to deal the most insulting and cruel stroke to the daughter of the man who had incurred his undying hatred. He could by a word rob her of her husband, of the prize she had laboured to win, but which he could prevent her from retaining.

To Julian was offered the most complete and open triumph over her enemy. A triumph more complete than she could have hoped to gain. Anthony could be nothing to her, she would remain as a friend, that was all; but she would see, and show to Urith, her threat made good, to wrench Anthony away from her.

Anthony stood with downcast eyes. The temptation was a strong one—strong to a young man who had been humoured and allowed to have his own way uncontrolled, allowed to follow his pleasure or whim without hindrance. He could not return home without having to face his wife, angered and resentful, without having to acknowledge himself to have been in the wrong. Anthony Crymes was playing him a treacherous and cruel trick, and here was a chance offered him of at once recovering his old position, wiping out his past mistake, and discomfiting Fox when on the eve of success. Was he sure that he could ever be on the same terms as before with Urith? Had she not been gradually estranged from him, till she had declared to him that she hated him, that she wished she had never seen him? Would it not be a relief to her to be rid of him, to be spared any more domestic broils?

Old Anthony Cleverdon was at the window, and as he stood there he marked the initials drawn on the fogged glass, and turned and looked at his son. Young Anthony noticed the look, and observed what had attracted his father's attention. He moved hastily to the window, and his father drew away, went to the fireplace, and rested his elbow against the mantel-shelf and fixed his eyes intently on his son. So also did Julian. Both saw that the moment was a crucial one. The young man was forced to make up his mind on a point which would determine his whole after-life. It was more than that, it was a crucial moment in his moral life. He must now take a step upwards or downwards, in the path of right or that of wrong. This neither Julian nor his father considered, intent only on their selfish ends. But this appeared clearly to Anthony. His inner consciousness spoke out and told him plainly where went the path of duty and where lay the deflexion from it. But the path of duty was a painful one full of humiliations, promising no happiness, only a repetition of contests with a sulky wife, and jars with the foolish Solomon Gibbs, of struggle against poverty, of labour like a common hired workman, of loss for ever of his old position, and deprivation of all the amusements that had filled his former life.

He and Urith did not suit each other. His temperament was sanguine, his spirit mirthful; he was sociable, and full of the sparkle of youth; whereas she was moody, almost morose, had no humour and laughter in her soul, brooded over imagined wrongs as well as those that were real, and could as little accommodate herself to his mood as could he to hers. Surely it were best, under these circumstances, that they should part.

Now Anthony was standing at the window where he had stood before when he drew those initials on the panes, in the place occupied recently by his father. So full was he of his thoughts, of the rolling of conflicting waves of feeling, that he forgot where he was, forgot the presence of his father and of Julian—the very sense of the lapse of time was gone from him. Though he looked through the window, he saw nothing.

Then, all at once, uncalled for, there broke and oozed forth in his heart the old vein of love which had been filled with so hot and full a flood when he was Urith's suitor; he saw her with the old eyes once more, and looked in mental vision once more into the sombre eyes, as he had on the moor, when he lifted her into his saddle, and there came over him that sensation of mingled love and fear. It seemed to him that now only did he understand the cause of that fear; it was fear lest he himself should prove a wreck through lack of love and devotion to her. He thought now of how, after their wedding, on his coming to Willsworthy, he had taken her in his arms, how her dark head had lain on his bosom, and he had stooped and kissed her brow, and she had looked up into his face with eyes expressive of perfect confidence, of intensest love. He thought now how he had forced her against her will, against her conscience, to marry him prematurely, after her mother's death, and against the dying command of that mother. He thought how that he had lived on her estate, had been, as it were, her pensioner. He thought also of the efforts she had made, efforts he had perceived, to accommodate herself to him, to meet his humour, to overcome her own gloom, to struggle against the bad habits of slovenliness into which the household had fallen, and to correct her own want of order, because she saw it pained her husband. She had done a great deal for him, and what had he done for her? Grumbled, been peevish, disappointed her. He recalled that evening at The Cakes, when he had slighted her. He thought of how he had trifled with his old regard for Julian, allowed her to lure him away from his wife, and had let her see that he was no more at one with Urith, and that he wished he could have undone the marriage and re-tied the old threads that had bound him to Julian. She—this Julian, had been playing with him—she, for her own ends, had been making mischief between him and his wife—and what had he done?

His eyes were opened, and he saw the initials on the glass, and the love-knot between them.

With the blood surging to his brow and cheeks, and a fire in his eye, he raised his hand, and angrily brushed his palm over the three panes, effacing utterly the characters there inscribed, then he remained with uplifted hand and forefinger extended, still, as in dream, unconscious that he was being watched.



THE Parliamentary Session in FRANCE opened on Monday with every prospect of a busy winter. The Senate had nothing to do, but the Chamber enjoyed a lively sitting. Thus the Minister of Commerce presented his new Customs Bill, which provides for two distinct tariffs—the *minimum* for countries giving reciprocity, and the *maximum* for all other nations. Then came the Budget, the Government and the Committee having at last agreed on covering the deficit by reductions in certain State departments, and a tax on patent medicines. M. Aylpe next tried to arouse a scene by an interpellation on affairs in Dahomey—speedily crushed—but a Boulangist, M. Goussot, was more successful when he requested the Government to prosecute the so-called Boulangist conspirators to clear their characters. M. Constans scornfully refused to oblige, so militant M. Déroulède insulted the Government and his opponents all round, provoking a vote of censure and a duel with M. Reinach, whom he had styled the "lackey of all Governments." The encounter took place on Tuesday, neither combatant being hurt. Now that the recess is over, the Boulangist revelations are being concluded for more serious business. M. Mermeix, who is convalescent, has given his final instalment of the *Coulisses*, recapitulating the interview of the Comte de Paris and General Boulanger in London. The Comte seems to have been most cordial. He spoke of their joint plans for the elections, and declared that, if any General could restore Alsace-Lorraine to France, Boulanger was the man. Both the Duchesse d'Uzès and General Boulanger contest the exact accuracy of these remarks, but not the main facts. Indeed the General acknowledges that the Royalists paid for his candidature. Now Boulangism appears on the stage, for M. Jules Lemaître's political comedy at the Paris Vaudeville, *Le Député Leveau*, is a very plain allusion to recent events, and is proportionately popular. Messrs. O'Brien and Dillon have excited much interest, having been interviewed extensively before their departure to-day (Saturday) in a French steamer for the United States. The spy-fever is somewhat serious. Several arrests have been made, and the War Minister has prepared a Bill enacting severe measures against spies and their employers.

The African question remains the foremost consideration in most countries. Since the new Ministry in PORTUGAL declared that they could not ask Parliament to sanction the Anglo-Portuguese Convention, the Press and the public urge sharp measures against England more eagerly than ever. Much fresh bitterness arises from the reports of British action in the Manica country, the public not waiting to consider whether the district ceded by the petty King Mutaca to Mr. Colquhoun on behalf of the South African Company is on the British side of the boundary decided by the Convention. They accuse England of treachery in stealing a march on Portugal before the Convention is signed, and angrily comment on the triumphal procession of the British gunboats up the Zambesi, escorted by two men-of-war, and towing a fleet of lighters with stores and ammunition. A very different spirit towards England animates ITALY, especially after the semi-official communication stating that the Anglo-Italian negotiations will be resumed shortly. Some authorities, including Captain Casati, assert that TURKEY prevented the cession of Kassala, and their belief is confirmed by reports of a coming diplomatic Note from the Sultan to the Powers, protesting against the disposal of any Egyptian territory without his assent as Suzerain. EGYPT is equally anxious lest England should change her opinions, while Osman Digna is busy fortifying Kassala afresh, as a suggestion to the various would-be owners that they have not yet caught their hare. His people have resumed their raids outside Suakin. GERMANY and England are also going hand-in-hand in East Africa at present, for the British Squadron, under Admiral Fremantle, have accompanied the German ships to Vitu, to redress the recent massacre of Teutonic subjects. After all, Major Wissmann leaves Berlin to-day (Saturday) for Bagamoyo, to complete his term of office as Imperial Commissary. He will superintend the erection of the new Hospital at Dar-es-Salaam, and the putting together of the three steamers which are to be placed on the African Lakes by public subscription. At Berlin the new Colonial Council has been organised. There will be thirty members elected for one year only, and presided over by Prince Hermann of Hohenlohe-Langenburg.

In home affairs GERMANY is busy with commemorations. Tomorrow (Sunday), she keeps Count Von Moltke's ninetyeth birthday, and on Saturday last she paid honour to the late Emperor Frederick by the consecration of his mausoleum at Potsdam. The ceremony was quite a family affair, even the King of the Belgians deferring his visit, but the Berliners showed so much sympathy and interest that the Empress Frederick published a special message of thanks in the official gazette. Now attention is turned to the forthcoming meeting between Chancellor Caprivi and Signor Crispi at Genoa, while, further, it is asserted that the Austrian Premier's proposed holiday in the Tyrol is merely a cloak for an interview with the Italian Prime Minister. Signor Crispi's late Florentine speech, with its denunciation of the Clericals, is answered in warlike spirit by the Pope's fresh Encyclical. His Holiness denounces the present Italian policy as leading to the de-Christianising of the nation and the growth of Socialism, and of course points to the restoration of the Papal temporal power as the only panacea.

Whilst the old labour disputes continue, similar troubles break out in fresh places. Now AUSTRIA has her turn, and a general tramway-strike has much inconvenienced Vienna, due to the tramway Company's new regulations, which put the men in a worse position than they occupied before their strike of eighteen months ago. Thus the Company decided that any of their men belonging to the Army Reserve should lose their posts and their pension rights if called out for mobilisation. Although they were soon obliged to withdraw this rule, a bad feeling ensued, and the men forthwith demanded other concessions, including payment for the day of rest as a working day, equal wages for conductors and drivers, permission to leave work two hours earlier instead of taking the two hours' midday rest, and alterations in the rules of fines and dismissal. On the Company refusing, the men struck on Sunday, and all tramway traffic was suspended. This time, however, the police were alert to prevent disturbance, while troops were held in readiness. The strikers were informed, also, that if they did not yield by Wednesday their places would be filled by other men eager to work. Happily, after friendly mediation, the company surrendered, and work was resumed. Notwithstanding the public inconvenience, popular opinion favoured the malcontents, for the Tramway Company crowd their cars, charge high fares and underpay their men. Meanwhile, in BELGIUM there is a fresh colliery strike at Charleroi for increased pay, and in Northern FRANCE the Calais lace-workers still determine not to return to work without a new tariff of wages, although the employers are reopening their factories. Beyond seas, the strikes in AUSTRALIA linger on, for Sir Alfred Stevens failed to arrange a conference between the employers and labour delegates, while the meetings at Sydney and Melbourne of the marine officers and the shipowners were equally fruitless, frustrating the hopes of general resumption of work in the shipping trade. The employers explain their action in a long letter to Sir A. Stevens, pointing out that they are willing

to forget and forgive if the men will resume work on the old terms, and stating that they do not object to unions.

The breach between TURKEY and the Greek Church has been widened by the Ecumenical Patriarch utilising a very old ecclesiastical weapon. Finding that the Porte would not withdraw its concessions to the Bulgarian Church in Macedonia, the Ecumenical Synod has closed all the orthodox churches throughout the Turkish Empire, and at present members of the Greek faith are deprived of all services, save baptism *in extremis*, nor can marriages and funerals be celebrated in church. This step is not generally approved even in Christian circles, as it is a direct incitement to revolt, besides being of dubious legality. However it is stated that the Sultan will yield, granting additional privileges to the Patriarch.

A romantic Italian vendetta seems somewhat misplaced in the ultra-practical UNITED STATES. But for some time past two rival secret Sicilian societies have existed in New Orleans—the "Mafia" and the "Stoppaghiera"—who committed forty murders in a few years, and finally came to a fierce conflict last May. On the culprits being brought to trial all the leading witnesses were assassinated, and the matter is not yet settled. Nevertheless, the authorities determined to uproot the vendetta, and the Chief of Police, Mr. Hennessy, investigated the societies doings so thoroughly that he obtained ample proofs. His life was threatened, and for some time he remained under police protection, but, having dismissed his escort, the unfortunate Chief was assassinated as he went home one night last week. Violent deaths run in his family, for both Mr. Hennessy's father and brother were murdered in their duty as detectives. He was shot by a shortened gun, which the Italians can conceal in their pockets. Intense excitement prevailed, nearly one hundred arrests were made of suspected persons, and a Committee of Public Safety was formed, while one man went to the prison and deliberately shot an Italian arrested on suspicion. Strict supervision also awaits the crowds of Italian immigrants who pour into New Orleans. On their side the secret societies threaten the Mayor and other prominent officials, so that the city is most disturbed. Another catastrophe has been the fire at the Leland Hotel, Syracuse, which broke out in the middle of the night, and spread so rapidly that the inmates were forced to leap from the windows, many receiving serious injuries. Happily the loss of life was small, the first reports being much exaggerated. Turning to political matters, the Irish party continue much divided over the reception of Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien. The Socialists refuse a welcome because the Irish leaders represent the middle-classes, not the wage-workers, the Famine Fund is split up into three sections, each desiring their support, and the Clan-na-Gael—out of favour since the Cronin murder—can persuade no other Irish faction to join their preparations for the reception. Another European guest, the Comte de Paris, is hardly more welcome in Government circles, for, though he professes to keep apart from politics, his speech at the dinner given him by his comrades of the Army of the Potomac touched upon several delicate questions. Thus he deprecated all economic war between France and America, and drew a somewhat strained parallel between American devotion to the Republic and French love for the Monarchy—"the only form of traditional, and at the same time national, Government for France"—finally urging all Gallic patriots to prepare Restoration "by every legal means." He now goes to CANADA, where the authorities will avoid any official greeting, not to hurt Republican feelings. The Canadians are much annoyed that the Newfoundland Colonial Secretary is empowered to negotiate with the United States, so that American fishermen may be allowed free access to Newfoundland ports for bait and other fishing material, in return for Newfoundland fish and crude minerals being admitted free to the States. Famine threatens LABRADOR, owing to the failure of the herring fishery.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The States-General in HOLLAND will meet next week to decide on a Regency, although the King is a little better.—The Ticino difficulty in SWITZERLAND remains unsettled. The Conciliation Conference failed again, but the Conservatives are more disposed to yield.—Since cholera broke out in SPAIN last May, there have been 5,336 cases and 2,775 deaths.—In RUSSIA many Jews have adopted Christianity lately to avoid the University restrictions, but the prohibitory edict is now extended to converts, so that their change of faith is fruitless.—In INDIA Sir Charles Elliott succeeds Sir Stuart Bayley as Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. The recent revolt at Cambay has resulted in the Nawab being deposed until the Government is reformed by British authority.



THE QUEEN and Princess Beatrice spent two days at the Glassalt Shiel at the end of last week, the weather being most favourable. On Her Majesty's return to Balmoral the Duke of Clarence and Avondale and Prince Francis Joseph of Battenberg left for town, whilst Prince Henry came home from staying with Sir Reginald and Lady Cathcart at Cluny Castle. Viscount Cross dined with the Royal party on Saturday night, and on Sunday morning the Queen, with Princess Beatrice, attended Divine Service at Crathie Church, where the Rev. A. Campbell officiated. In the afternoon Her Majesty and the Princess called on Lady Biddulph at Abergeldie Mains, and next day the Princess Louise arrived. The Queen on Tuesday held a Council at Balmoral to prorogue Parliament further to November 25th.

The Prince of Wales concluded his visit to Baron Hirsch at St. Johann on Saturday, and returned to Vienna. Numerous visitors called on the Prince at the Grand Hotel, and in the evening he dined at the British Embassy with Mr. Phipps, the First Secretary, and Count Deym, Austrian Ambassador in London, going afterwards to the Opera. On Sunday the Prince exchanged visits with the Emperor, to whom he presented his portrait by Angeli, and called on several of the Archdukes, while in the evening he dined with the Emperor at Schönbrunn, and afterwards supped with Mr. Phipps. The Prince on Monday visited the Central Station of the Viennese Volunteer Ambulance Corps, where he was much interested in various illustrations of the Corps' work, and accepted the badge of the society. He then lunched with Major Douglas Dawson, British Military Attaché, and later left by the Orient express for Paris, arriving on Tuesday evening. After staying two days in Paris, where he exchanged calls with President Carnot, visited and entertained numerous friends, and spent his evenings at the theatre, the Prince was expected in England yesterday (Friday), and will join his family in Norfolk. The Princess and daughters arrived at Sandringham at the end of last week, followed on Saturday by the Duke of Clarence and Avondale from Scotland, and on Sunday the Royal party attended Service at St. Peter and Paul, West Newton, as Sandringham Church is being restored. The Prince and Princess having several engagements for the next few weeks, possibly the Duke of Clarence may go to Berlin to represent his father at Princess Victoria of Prussia's wedding. The annual county ball at Sandringham is fixed for Nov. 14.—Prince George and the other British officers of the North American and West Indian Squadrons have been enter-

tained at a splendid ball at Halifax, held in the Exhibition Building.—The Duke and Duchess of Fife will join the Royal party in Norfolk shortly, staying at their residence, Castle Rising.

The Duke of Edinburgh has spent a few days in town on leave, and, after attending on Saturday a meeting of the Executive Committee for the Royal Naval Exhibition, returned to Devonport on Sunday night. On Tuesday the Duke, representing the Queen, unveiled the National Armada Memorial on Plymouth Hoe, and lunched with the Mayor after the ceremony.—Princess Louise has been staying with Mrs. Wemyss, at Balfour House, Scotland, before joining the Queen at Balmoral. It is stated that the Princess thinks of buying Frimley Park, Surrey, close to Bagshot, the Duke of Connaught's residence. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with Prince and Princess Christian and family, were present at the consecration of the late Emperor Frederick's mausoleum at Potsdam on Saturday. On Monday the Duke and Duchess lunched at Prenzlau with the officers of the 8th Brandenburg Infantry regiment, of which the Duchess is Honorary Colonel. She wore a military dress-jacket of the regimental colours. This week the Duke is hunting with Prince Albrecht of Brunswick at Blankenburg. He will stay at Berlin until after Princess Victoria of Prussia's marriage to Prince Adolf of Schaumburg-Lippe, which will be celebrated with much pomp at the Chapel of the Royal Castle. The bridal couple will spend the first few days of their honeymoon at Potsdam, and thence go to Bückeburg, the capital of Schaumburg-Lippe, to be welcomed by the inhabitants of the Principality. Later they will make a tour in Egypt.



NORWICH MUSICAL FESTIVAL (From our Special Correspondent).

—Last week we gave an account of the opening of the Norwich Triennial Festival, which closed on Friday night, and a general survey of the performances now only is necessary. Dr. Hubert Parry's new cantata, *L'Allegro*, has already briefly been described. The work greatly improved upon re-hearing, and there is no doubt that by all competent judges it will be numbered among the most successful of the composer's works. The bass airs in *Il Penseroso*, it is true, are not of great interest; but, on the other hand, in *L'Allegro* the soprano has rarely had more beautiful nor more thoroughly artistic solos than "Haste thee, Nymph" (with its captivating choral pendant), and "Ever against eating cares." In *Il Penseroso* the choral parts are far more important than the solos, special effects being gained at the lines which speak of Philomel's song, the song of the nightingale, the magnificent six-part chorus, "When the sun begins to fling," and the elaborate *finale*. The difficulties of some of these choruses are great, but the performance was, on the whole, a fairly efficient one. Schütz's seventeenth century "Lament of David" for his son Absalom was impressively sung by Mr. Novara with the now strange, though two centuries ago exceedingly common, accompaniment for four trombones and an organ. The trombones in Schütz's day were used to support the organ, which was a very different thing to the present "king of instruments."

On Wednesday evening, besides the *Dream of Jubal*, in which Miss Neilson recited the lyrics, Dr. Mackenzie's *Ravenswood* music was performed for the first time in the concert-room. This consists, firstly, of a prelude, which to all intents and purposes, is an overture in regular form. It is based upon two principal subjects, one of which is taken from the bridal chorus, and the other is intended to stand for Edgar's love for Lucy Ashton. There are two subsidiary subjects, one associated with Bucklaw, and the other with the prophecy of Edgar's untimely end. This prelude is by far the most important number of the whole suite. The first *entr'acte* is more feeble, but the second is one of the most charming things that Dr. Mackenzie has ever composed. It is based upon a portion of the theme heard in the play when the lovers plight their troth at the Mermaid's Well, and the accompaniment is to a certain extent reminiscent of Schubert. The last *entr'acte* is a modernised version of the "Courante." It is a bright and vigorous little piece, towards the end of which a few bars are introduced of a very old Scotch tune called "The Trumpeter's Curran." The incidental music to the play itself was not included in the selection. On Thursday Sir Arthur Sullivan conducted a somewhat perfunctory performance of his *Martyr of Antioch*, while on Friday evening the programme included the second act of *The Flying Dutchman*, which, thanks to the absence of any sort of dramatic action, is almost as effective in the concert-room as on the stage.

Some of the vocalists who appeared were practically new to Festival work; Mr. Ben Davies, for example, unwisely selected *opéra bouffe* songs for the miscellaneous concert, but in *The Flying Dutchman* his reputation was better justified. Unfortunately, his voice is of limited compass, so that the solos in *Elijah* were rather too high for him. Madame Nordica and Miss McIntyre, Miss Marian Mackenzie, and Mr. Lloyd were among the chief vocalists, while the principal baritone music was almost throughout the week assigned to Mr. Alec Marsh. That gentleman at the outset was severely criticised for faults contracted since his absence from the concert-room, and particularly for an indulgence in the tremolo. These criticisms obviously made him nervous, but in *Elijah* he was able to do himself fuller justice. In regard to the general performances the choir, although by no means up to the standard achieved at Birmingham and Leeds, showed a decided improvement upon that of the last Festival. There was a total falling off in the attendance of 567 persons, and the profit available for the local charities fell from 719*l.* to 200*l.*

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The opera season at Covent Garden opened on Saturday, when an audience which practically filled the house assembled for the performance of Verdi's *Aida*. The representation on the whole was a remarkably good one, and, excepting that the chorus was too small, was indeed in many respects quite as good as that given during the grand season. Particularly it was a real pleasure to listen once more to the Italian language delivered by native artists, and to singing which displayed an almost entire absence of the tremolo which French and Belgian artists affect. The sisters Ravogli, who are artists of great repute in Italy, played *Aida* and *Amneris*; and, although the soprano was overcome by stage fright, Mdle. Giulia Ravogli, who has a remarkably fine mezzo-soprano voice, proved herself a thorough artist. A special success was likewise gained by Signor Giannini, who, although not possessing the stage presence of M. Jean de Reszke, has a voice which, particularly in the upper notes, greatly resembles that of the famous Polish tenor.

On Monday *Les Huguenots* was performed for the débuts of Mdle. Peri—a dramatic soprano, who has a decided tremolo—as Valentina, Mdle. Stromfeld—a capable, though somewhat florid, light soprano from Moscow—as the Queen, and for the return of the tenor, Signor Perotti, who, despite his name, is a German by birth and training, but who has not appeared in this country since in 1870 he played in *The Flying Dutchman* at Drury Lane. Signor Perotti was somewhat perplexed by our high pitch, but he proved a sound and capable artist. The best member of the cast was Mdle. Giulia Ravogli, who gave a charmingly unsophisticated, and in many respects original representation of the rôle of the Page. On the other hand, the

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## THE GRAPHIC

A new thought had occurred to him—that he was about to become a father.

A father! and he away at Hall, whilst the deserted Urith sat at Willsworthy—wan, with tears on her cheek, drip, drip, over the cradle he had treated so insultingly—her cradle, which he had deemed unworthy of his child, and which, for all that, with his child in it, he was inclined to abandon!

Then the blood went out of Anthony's face, went back to his heart, as he grew pale and still with the thought of the infamy of the conduct that had been his, had he yielded to the temptation.

And tears, tears of shame at himself, of love for Urith, of infinite longing for that little child that was to be his, and to nestle in his arms, filled his throat and choked him. With a trembling finger on another clouded pane he drew an U and interlaced with it an A, twisting and turning the initials about, weaving them inextricably together, till the U was lost in the A, and the A confounded with the U.

He could not speak. He did not look round. With his eyes fixed before him, and his mind full of the thoughts that opened to him, he went out of the room, out of the house, and spoke to no one.

But old Anthony and Julian knew his decision—knew it from his finger-writing on the little diamond-pane.

Yet the old man would not accept it—he called after his son.

"I give thee three days. I will do no more for three days in the matter?"

But Anthony did not turn his head or answer.

(To be continued)

## CHRISTMAS BOOKS

I.

THE first whisper of Christmastide brings to the front most of the well-known writers who cater so industriously for young people's amusement. Here is the lads' prime favourite, Mr. Henty, with three fresh volumes of war and adventure. Some seasons ago he told the boys about the beginning of the struggle for Independence in the Netherlands; now, in "By England's Aid" (Blackie), he carries on the story to the end, till the brave Dutch have won freedom, and the Spanish power is broken. As a historical record the book is excellent, but for once Mr. Henty has not mixed his materials well, and the exploits of his two gallant heroes seem rather disjointed amidst the mass of facts.—There is more human interest in the tale of the New Zealand war, "Maori and Settler" (Blackie), which describes very graphically the trials of the Colonists in the Northern Island at the time of the second great native revolt.—The Maoris, after all, were not much worse foes than the Egyptians encountered by three plucky sailor lads in "A Chapter of Adventures" (Blackie), when they witnessed the bombardment of Alexandria and the succeeding contest with Arabi. The story certainly fulfils the promise of its title, while its hero possesses the proverbial nine lives of a cat.—So, too, did "Hal Hungerford" (Blackie), by J. R. Hutchinson, for when he emigrated to

Life among the poorer classes provides the theme of numerous volumes of strong religious tone. Such a topical theme as the great dock strike is dealt with by Emma Leslie in "The Seed She Sowed" (Blackie), illustrating the good influence of an invalid girl.—Again, the invalid heroine of "Bogie and His Master" (Sunday School Union), by Mrs. Seamer, reforms his drunken mother. Drink, Arab, who, in his turn, reforms his drunken mother. Drink, indeed, plays a large part in the collection from the Sunday School Union, for it leads to sore misery and death in "Dorothy Lavender," by E. J. Moore, before an erring father is reclaimed, and to robbery of a widow and orphans in "Besom Yard," by T. Peet, until the drunkard is brought to his senses by a dangerous accident. The same thread runs through "Lads and Lasses," wherein M. Onley tells of devoted love, and of family misunderstandings produced by intemperance and crime.—True love, too, stood well the test of a mistaken accusation in "Annie's Yes," by F. Burch, with its lesson to girls about to marry.—For younger readers, Mrs. Ferry points out the value of sisterly affection in "Self-Sacrifice," and the errors of selfishness and jealousy in "Marion's Repentance"—both a trifle prosy; while Hugh Paton delivers a strong exhortation on the evil of "penny dreadfuls," illustrated by the example of a boy who ran away from home, inspired by such literature, to become "A Pirate Bold."

Christmas cards are early in the field. People wishing to maintain the religious side of the festival equally with the social aspect should choose some of Messrs. Mowbray's tasteful productions. The "Oxford Series of Christmas Cards" represent various scenes of the Nativity, either as photographs or drawings, daintily arranged in folding or bordered cards, and accompanied by carols or texts. Our list of annuals includes the *Century Magazine* and *St. Nicholas* (Fisher Unwin), the *Boys' Own Annual* and the *Girl's Own Annual* (Boys' Own Paper Office), *Little Wideawake* (Routledge), *Harper's Young People* (Sampson Low), and *Young England* (Sunday School Union).

## A JOURNEY UP THE QUILIMANE RIVER

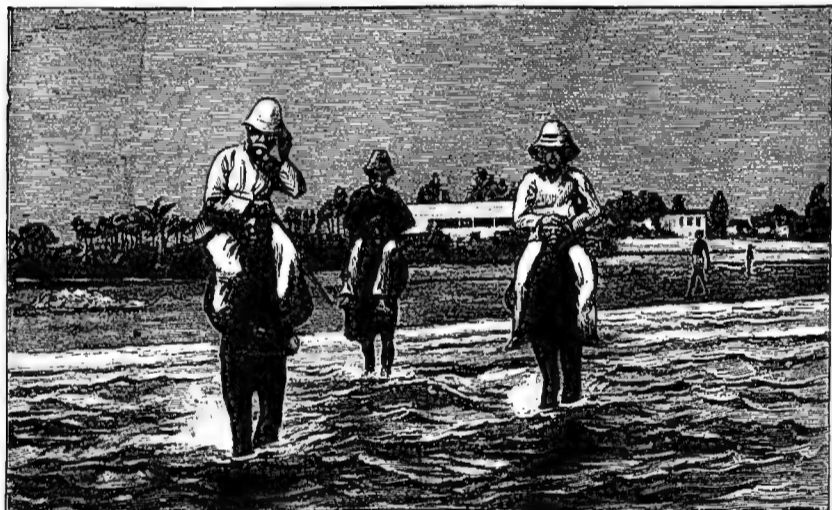
OUR difficulties with Portugal have of late attracted much attention to this portion of East Africa. The Quilimane, or Kwakwa, is the most northerly of the several channels through which the great River Zambesi discharges itself into the sea. No steamers at present call at any of the mouths of the Zambesi, and as the Quilimane is too small for steam-launches, the journey up-country from Quilimane has to be begun in boats. In many places the river is too narrow even for oars to be used, and native paddles are therefore chiefly employed. Our large illustration shows one of these boats. The travellers sit in the deck-house for protection from the sun, and watch the paddlers at their work. One of the smaller engravings represents the method of embarking at Inhambane, another Portuguese station lower down the coast. Here the beach is so shallow that, except at high tide, the only way to reach one's boat dry-shod is to be carried. The remaining illustration shows

have been suggested by a sight which must have given an uncanny sensation to many people besides Mr. Salway—one of those forlorn rows of houses intended by some unlucky speculator for the nucleus of some seaside resort which has forgotten to develop itself, and left, therefore, to be haunted by the ghosts of disappointed intentions. All that relates to Wildwater Terrace itself, its description, and the sensations excited by its mysterious peculiarities, is admirably effective; and the half insane wickedness of Agathe Laorur is strong enough for its background. As much cannot be said of the plot, which is at once too complicated and too trivial; but it is thoroughly well worked out. Although the nature of the mystery may prove a little disappointing when it is all out, it holds the attention, and the dénouement itself will hold the memory also.

The inexhaustible Mrs. Oliphant's "Sons and Daughters" (Blackwood and Sons), being in one moderate volume, is by no means so dull as its authoress has learned to be when she has three to fill. We need not say that her plot is neatly constructed, and that, as a piece of literature, it has every negative merit that can be thought of. But it has something better, and by no means so matter-of-course in her case. The story leads up to a really humorous situation, which we shall not describe, inasmuch as a portion of its effect depends upon surprise, and as much preliminary portraiture is required for its appreciation. In other respects, all that can possibly be said about Mrs. Oliphant's work has been already said too often for repetition.

Fergus Hume, known to fame as the author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," has certainly hit upon an original idea in "The Man with a Secret" (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.). The story is that of a man who, believing that he is undergoing a series of reincarnations, tries to make himself his own heir, in order that, in the next, he may be secured against poverty. In short, he carries certain current crazes to their perfectly logical outcome; and we cannot but regret, that a notion so obviously fertile in elaborate farce, did not occur to the author of "Vice Versa" and "The Tinted Venus" instead of to Mr. Fergus Hume. The latter, incidentally, introduces one or two amusing sketches, and his volumes contain some clever scraps; but, on the whole, a good idea has been wasted upon the manufacture of an ordinary novel in conventional form.

"Two Masters," by B. M. Croker (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.), belongs to a school which we believed to be extinct—that of the imitators of Miss Rhoda Broughton. Perhaps the announcement of a new novel by the mistress has revived the school in anticipation. We have once more our old acquaintance, the vulgar, silly, and conceited young person who tells her own story, and all her congenial surroundings. Nor is B. M. Croker original in the strange myth that a man and woman who act a marriage ceremony in private theatricals become actually man and wife by the law of Scotland. The novel is not, however, wholly rubbish, by any means. There is real humour in the description of a delightfully sympathetic Irish household, which impoverishment has reduced to all sorts of economical contrivances, and whose members act with an



EMBARKING UNDER DIFFICULTIES AT INHAMBANE



THE MAIN ROAD BETWEEN THE KWAKWA AND THE ZAMBESI

Canada he was continually in danger by either fire, water, or human vengeance, much to the excitement of his readers.—Now stolid David in "The Locked Desk" (National Society) experienced more everyday adventures at home as a fisher-boy on the Devon coast, but he was burdened by a skeleton in the family cupboard, as Miss F. M. Peard relates in a bright, stirring sketch.

Historical tales predominate among the contributions from the National Society. In "The Slaves of Sabinus," Miss Yonge goes back to the days of Old Rome for a powerful picture of Imperial vengeance and persecution of the early Christian Church. The rebel Gaulish chieftain hiding with his family in the Ardennes grottoes, and the slaves awakened from heathendom by the light of Christianity, are admirably drawn, and the book is just suited for a prize.—Next come Jacobite times, as in "Peckover's Mill," rather a dull narrative of conspiracy and disputed inheritance by the author of "Starwood Hall." The adherents of the unfortunate Stuarts who people "A Little Candle," by Mary Debenham, are a charming Scotch family, driven from their Highland home into exile at St. Germain, and their fortunes will be followed with the greatest interest; like the wanderings of the French childlike trio banished from their homes by the French Revolution, and falling among thieves through carrying "Dangerous Jewels." Miss M. Bramston draws charming children, whose experiences among the Devonshire gipsies and desolate moors are both pathetic and original.—A touch of the humorous comes into the succeeding family chronicle. Thus damsels in their early teens who aspire to manage everybody and everything should take warning by the mistakes of Henrietta in "The Family Coach," by M. and C. Lee. Peterkin the cat is a delightful creation.—Old-fashioned Mattie, the eldest of "The Vicar's Trio," is a much better model, and Miss Esmé Stuart tells in taking fashion how the trio altered the character of a disagreeable little invalid lord, and converted an obstinate village to vigorous church restoration.—Zealous energetic damsels are plentiful in these stories, for another heroine finds and reconciles missing relations in "The Green Girls of Greythorpe"—a brisk history of a charity foundation, by C. R. Coleridge; while two most hard-working maidens, who, for lack of relations, become "Nobody's Girls" (Cauldwell), make a livelihood out of the smallest materials, and recover a missing inheritance. Miss Sarah Tyler knows well how to draw sweet, honest English girls, and the present examples are no exception to her rule. In a lower grade of life "A Girl of the People" (Methuen) is a worthy sister to the others, while her self-sacrificing devotion to two little brothers and a falsely-accused lover are depicted by Mrs. L. T. Meade with much force and pathos.—And honest little Meg, who wrought much mischief by making "A Rash Promise" (Blackie), by Mrs. Lowndes, is an equally good pattern of honesty and unselfishness for little girls.

the main road between the Kwakwa and Zambesi, distance about three miles. Here the road is open, but is a mass of water and mud. At other places the tall grass, six or seven feet high, almost meets over the traveller's head. In this case the passenger is being carried by natives in a "machila," or litter.—Our illustrations are from photographs by Mr. Fred. L. Moir, Mandala, Nyasaland.



"THE RIDDLE OF LAWRENCE HAVILAND" (3 vols.: Bentley and Son), by Constance Smith, who so promisingly introduced herself to the novel-reading world by "The Repentance of Paul Wentworth," is a novel of more than ordinary interest, considered as a study of character. And it would be more satisfactory still, were it not that the authoress has overcrowded her plot with incidents, many of them of the hair-breadth adventurous order, out of keeping with the properly psychological nature of the story. The central portrait is that of Lawrence Haviland, a man of hard and unforgiving temper, almost morbidly scrupulous conscience, exaggerated ideas of honour, and boundless belief in himself and in his own opinions. His best quality is that he measures himself by the same rigid and exacting standard that he applies to others. Since he chances to be married to a woman who is not above the amiable weakness of destroying, for his sake, a document which would have helped to incriminate him unjustly in a dynamite plot, and of which the destruction could not possibly wrong or injure anybody, he has a fine field for the display of his peculiarities, and treats her as if she had sinned beyond the possibility of pardon, until his conscience accuses him, in another matter, of a sin of intention which, in his opinion, brings him to her level, and deprives him of the right to condemn her. Overstrained and illogical as all this is, this almost repulsive portrait is distinguished and rendered interesting by unquestionable power, aided by a correspondingly effective style. Special attention should be called to incidental pictures of travel in northern Italy, which will revive in the most vivid manner the impressions of all who have gone over the same ground.

A couple of able-bodied constables could easily have made hay of the plot of "Wildwater Terrace," by Reginald E. Salway (2 vols.: Digby and Long), but we are exceedingly glad that nobody thought of employing them, for they would have spoiled a story of much spirit and interest. It is of the "creepy" order, and appears to

unconscious and light-hearted heroism, which may be gratefully set off against the more sentimental portions of the novel.

JAMAICA is putting her house in order for the benefit of the visitors expected at her Exhibition next year. Anxious to persuade the poorer classes to improve their homes, the Governor has offered prizes for the three best kept and best arranged premises under the assessed value of 87., and the idea has been taken up eagerly by the people. As to the Exhibition, the works go on rapidly, and to accommodate the large demands for space an additional annexe will be built, besides a Fine Art Gallery.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUMS IN THE TEMPLE GARDENS are now on view as usual, this display being the fifty-eighth exhibited. The blooms are by no means all out yet and will show to better advantage in a few days, but the bank of blossoms is very lovely, shaded from white, yellow, and pale pink to dark red and tawny hues. There are sixty new varieties among the eight hundred specimens, and, according to the present fashion, the feathery Japanese far outnumber the old close-quilled chrysanthemum. Some of the later kind, however, show fine blooms, especially one yellow blossom, much resembling a dahlia, while several white and pinkish examples are of considerable size. As in London chrysanthemums just now are the most fashionable flowers, in Paris, both for personal wear and table decorations. White blossoms should be worn with deep red velvet dresses; yellow harmonises with blue and a garland of shaded blooms looks well across the front of a white toilette.

TWO FAMOUS BUILDINGS have narrowly escaped destruction by fire within the last few weeks—first the Alhambra at Granada, and now the Siena Duomo. Some workmen repairing the leaden roof of the Cathedral dome upset a brazier, which at once fired the roof and the scaffolding put up for the repairs, and as a high wind fanned the flames the building seemed doomed. Firemen and engines were brought in haste from Florence, the authorities and townspeople worked energetically to remove and protect the various artistic treasures, Sir F. Leighton, who was staying at Siena, lent valuable aid, and happily the fire was got under before worse damage was done than the destruction of the outside vaulting of the cupola and its surrounding gallery. The splendid Italian Gothic facade is unhurt, with its gorgeous inlaid marbles and sculptures, nor did any of the treasures inside the church suffer. Further, as soon as the fire was discovered, the officials walled up the doors and windows of the library containing Pinturicchio's frescoes from Raphael's designs, so no harm resulted. Siena Cathedral dates from early in the eleventh century, and is considered one of the finest in Italy. It was restored and completed a short time since, while now the damage caused by the fire does not exceed 8,000*l*.



"MORE FRIGHTENED THAN HURT"  
FROM THE DRAWING BY JOHN CHARLTON

chorus left a great deal to be desired, and the band would have been better for more rehearsals.

On Tuesday Madame Fanny Moody made a highly successful Italian operatic *début* as Marguerite in *Faust*, a part she has frequently played in English with the Carl Rosa Company. Two other new comers were hardly so fortunate, for the Spanish tenor, Señor Suane, despite his youth and good looks, had a pronounced vibrato; and Mlle. Costanzi, though promising, is apparently inexperienced. *Aida* was again announced for Wednesday, and Ponchielli's *La Gioconda* for Thursday.

**DEATH OF M. SAINTON.**—The eminent violinist and teacher, M. Prosper Sainton, died suddenly of bronchitis in London on Friday. M. Sainton who from the establishment of the Royal Italian Opera in 1847 had been leader of the opera orchestra under Sir Michael Costa, successively at Covent Garden, Drury Lane, and Her Majesty's, and *chef d'attaque* at the Sacred Harmonic and Philharmonic Concerts and the Handel and Birmingham Festivals, finally retired from orchestral life in 1883, when his wife, the eminent contralto, Madame Sainton-Dolby, made her farewell appearance in public. M. Sainton was born at Toulouse in 1813, entered the Paris Conservatoire in 1831, under Habeneck, and first appeared at the Philharmonic, in 1844, under Mendelssohn. In 1845 he permanently settled in London, and was appointed Professor at the Royal Academy of Music, a post which he retained for the long period of forty-five years. Among his most famous pupils are Dr. Mackenzie and Mr. Weist Hill, principals respectively of the Royal Academy and Guildhall Schools of Music, Mr. Burnett, and Miss Vaillant. In 1860 he married the famous contralto, Miss Charlotte Dolby, and in 1872 he established with her a vocal academy, which was given up after the death of his wife in 1885.

**CONCERTS VARIOUS.**—At the opening Monday Popular Concert Sir Charles and Lady Hallé made their first appearance since their return from Australia. Sir Charles played Beethoven's sonata "Les Adieux, L'Absence et le Retour," an appropriate enough choice under the circumstances, and joined Lady Hallé and Signor Piatti in Brahms's trio in C minor, Op. 101.—Señor Sarasate gave the first of his violin concerts at St. James's Hall on Saturday. The programme was not a particularly interesting one, neither the two concertos, those of Emil Bernard and Max Bruch No. 1, being among the favourite items of his repertory. The Spanish violinist pleased the people far better in Ernst's fantasia on themes from Rossini's *Otello*.—At the Crystal Palace concert on Saturday a new overture to Shakespeare's *Anthony and Cleopatra*, from the pen of the young English composer Miss E. M. Smyth, was successfully produced. The work, which is picturesquely orchestrated, is supposed to deal with that which the fair composer styles the conflict of "two master passions, Love and War," a theme signifying "Death," however, making its appearance towards the end. Mr. Leonard Borwick played Saint-Saëns's second pianoforte concerto; but French music does not suit his style so well as the classics.—The first of the season's recitals have been given by Madame Berthe Marx and Madame Essipoff.

**NOTES AND NEWS.**—The Bristol Festival is taking place this week. The programmes are confined to thoroughly familiar music, including *Elijah*, *Messiah*, *Judith*, *Redemption*, and *The Golden Legend*.—The eminent violinist Mr. J. T. Carrodus was married on the 14th inst. to Miss Ada Bright, of Brighton. The bride is a sister of the well-known pianist, Miss Dora Bright.—Mr. W. T. Best, the eminent organist of Liverpool, intends to postpone his return to England for a short time, and on his journey back to give several recitals on the larger organs of the United States.—The Wagnerian tenor, Vogl, has just celebrated at Munich the twenty-fifth anniversary of his *début*.—M. Reményi, the famous Hungarian violinist, has arrived in England, and was present as a spectator at the Norwich Festival last week.—The repetition performance of Mozart's *Così fan tutte* by the students of the Royal College of Music has been abandoned.



TORTURE-CHAMBERS and assassinations with hair-pins at the hands of wicked Emperors will have no place in the programme of Mr. Mayer's next season of French plays. The performances, which begin on Monday with Madame Céline Chaumont in M. Sardou's *Duval*, will be all of the kind which awaken laughter rather than tears, if we except Messrs. Meilhac and Halévy's *Frou-Frou*, which, stern, truthful, and uncompromising in its moral teaching as Hogarth himself, is one of the most pathetic productions of the modern French stage. English playgoers who have found it difficult to follow French dialogue in the vast auditorium of Her Majesty's, may be congratulated on the fact that Mr. Mayer has secured for his series of performances the more convenient St. James's Theatre.

*Cleopatra* is the stage heroine of the hour. M. Sardou and Madame Sarah Bernhardt have so willed it, and Mrs. Langtry signifies approval by preparing to open the PRINCESS's with a magnificent revival of Shakespeare's *Anthony and Cleopatra*. Mrs. Langtry has been warned to take example by the fate of Mr. Chatterton—the last manager who ventured to revive this play, which lends itself so well to scenic splendours. His revival at DRURY LANE, fifteen years ago, with Miss Wallis in the part of the Egyptian Queen, was certainly magnificent; but Shakespeare was treated with scant courtesy—his five acts being reduced to four, and his thirty-six scenes to twelve, by the bold hand of a playwright of that time. It is to be hoped that the theory that the heavy loss which resulted from the venture were due to these maimings and minglings does not pay too high compliment to the taste of Mr. Chatterton's patrons.

As Messrs. Henley and Stevenson have printed *Beau Austin* for private circulation there need be no further mystery about the hero of the play with which Mr. Beerbohm Tree proposes to open his series of special Monday performances at the HAYMARKET. He is simply a typical beau of the period of the close of the Regency—save that he is depicted with more depth of feeling and a finer sense of chivalrous honour, when aroused, than could be attributed to Mr. Jesse's hero, who, by the way, is just now, in the person of Mr. Richard Mansfield, a very prominent and popular personage in a play on the New York stage. The tone and ideas of the period (1820) will be found to be very happily reproduced in Messrs. Henley and Stevenson's piece, which is in four acts—the scene being laid, as already stated, in Tunbridge Wells. Mr. Tree's next venture—we are now speaking of the special Mondays, and not of the ordinary bill—will, it is understood, be an original play, entitled *A Silent Battle*, by an American author.

Mrs. Lancaster-Wallis's "question" on Saturday evening at the SHAFTESBURY Theatre has given rise to a great deal of comment. It took the form of an appeal to a crowded house against the unanimous judgment of the critics upon Mr. Buchanan's new drama of Russian life. "Shall the performance be retained in the programme?" asked the lady; and there was at once a boisterous outbreak of affirmatives from all parts of the theatre. This may be the precursor of a new method of dramatic criticism, but it is just to both parties to say that Mrs. Lancaster-Wallis admitted that

*The Sixth Commandment*, as played on this occasion, was not exactly the play on which the first-night audience sat in judgment. It had, to begin with, been curtailed "by forty minutes," and the lady was generous enough to confess that the excisions, as well as certain "alterations," had been made in deference to "the advice of the Press."

Some one has noted—not we hope as an evil omen—that Mr. Terriss, under Mr. Irving's management at the LYCEUM, has come in for an unprecedented number of death scenes. Mr. Bancroft, who as Abbé Latour, fell nightly under the sword of Mr. Irving during the run of *The Dead Heart* has had a fair share; but Mr. Terriss's record is probably unapproached. It is calculated that the popular actor has been seen to expire on the Lyceum stage at least one thousand times.

The Actor's Benevolent Fund, in which Mr. Irving takes so warm a personal interest, does not suffer from want of funds. This week an important *matinée* has been given in aid of its resources at a London theatre, and this is to be followed by one at another theatre on Wednesday next. Meanwhile Mr. Clement Scott has, with the same laudable object, undertaken to repeat this afternoon his lecture, entitled "Thirty Years at the Play," at the GARRICK Theatre, which has been offered by Mr. Hare for the occasion. Mr. Irving will preside, and introduce Mr. Scott to the audience.

*The Struggle for Life* has not been found to suit the tastes of audiences at the AVENUE Theatre. This rather clumsy adaptation of M. Daudet's dismal and purposeless melodrama—for such his vaunted indictment of Darwinism really is—will be withdrawn after to-night. Mr. Alexander will then close the theatre, to re-open on the 1st of next month with a new comedy by Mr. Carton.

Mr. F. C. Burnand has had his eye upon the new play at the LYCEUM. It is the inevitable penalty—if penalty it may be called—of success on the stage, that it should be followed by irreverent parody; and the editor of *Punch* is a chartered libertine in this way. *The Masher of Ravenswood*—such is the title of this travesty—will be provided with music by Mr. Edward Solomon, and will be brought out as an after-piece to *Sweet Nancy* at the ROYALTY.

It is said that although *A Million of Money* at DRURY LANE must, according to unalterable custom, give way to pantomime at Christmas, it will instantly reappear at another theatre. Mr. Augustus Harris, if rumour may be trusted, is in treaty for Covent Garden with that object.

Miss Julia Neilson has relinquished her part in *A Village Priest* at the HAYMARKET. She is succeeded by Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, the original representative of the character.

### THE REV. HENRY WHITE

WE have already published a succinct memoir of the lamented clergyman in our issue of October 11th. On the afternoon of that day his mortal remains were laid to rest in Brompton Cemetery. The occasion served for a striking manifestation of the affection and regard entertained for the late Chaplain by the members of his congregation, and by many classes of society. Not only were fashionable, Parliamentary, and civic circles strongly represented; but many members of the musical and dramatic professions, with



THE REV. HENRY WHITE

Born 1834. Died October 7th, 1890.

From a photograph by Samuel A. Walker, 230, Regent Street, W.

whom Mr. White was an especial favourite, came to pay their tribute of sorrow at his grave. The first part of the Burial Service was read at the Savoy Chapel. The coffin was almost hidden by a mass of exquisite flowers, among which was a wreath from his staunch friend, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. The members of the choir wore crape sashes over their surplices, as did the officiating clergy. At the grave in Brompton Cemetery, as in the chapel, the Burial Service was read by the Rev. W. J. Loftie, who for fifteen or twenty years has been Mr. White's assistant in the Chaplaincy of the Savoy.

### "MORE FRIGHTENED THAN HURT"

SUFFICIENT credit has never been given to our policemen for the continual efforts they have to put forth to minimise the danger of a runaway horse in a crowded thoroughfare. It requires courage of no ordinary sort to face a furiously-galloping horse, unreasoning fear lending speed to his flying heels, and to try and stop him before injury to life and limb has been done. Special instructions are issued on this very point; the order being that no horse should be approached in front, but from the side, and then that the policeman while running along by him should seize the bridle. All this is very easily put on paper, but it is uncommonly hard to put in practice. Many policemen carry with them, and will do to their graves, the scars of honourable wounds received in conflicts with unmanageable steeds, whose career of disaster they have stopped at the cost of severe physical suffering to themselves.

Nevertheless, a runaway steed affords an agreeable diversion to idlers, and they enjoy it all the more if the mischief has befallen a well-appointed carriage and pair, and if the policeman in stopping them causes one of the horses to slip on the greasy wood paving or the wet asphalt, and end its mad race with an undignified tumble. Such an incident is "nuts" to the butcher's boy. He is willing to gaze for hours, with his meat kid on shoulder, heedless of the

famishing old lady who is impatiently waiting for her mid-day chop.

Nor is the incident less interesting to the onlookers if the lady, the sole occupant of the vehicle, now that all the danger is over and she is safe, has fainted with fright at the risks she has run, and has to be carried by kindly hands into some adjacent residence till she recovers. There is even some amount of pleasure to be derived from a study of the horse who has maintained his footing, whose heaving flank, quivering nostrils, and dilated eyes, still show the hold his sudden terror has upon him; a very different animal indeed from that which so quietly trotted into the City an hour or two ago, and, in the long wait at the milliner's door, would have served as an equine Patience. Here more fright than hurt has been caused, but it is not always so. The last returns of the Metropolitan Police show that in the last ten years 1,399 persons were killed, and 41,851 persons maimed or injured in the streets. Not all of these, of course, but a fair proportion, were due to runaways, and the figures represent an appalling array of human suffering. Of this the police and hospital authorities see most. It is the duty of one to convey the injured to the hospital, and of the other to attend to them there, and the public know no more of the matter than is told them in some obscure corner of a newspaper, or in the bald figures of the police returns. What a story of hairbreadth escape and dire disasters a man with the pen of a ready writer could tell had he stood with P.C. Raven—who has now taken his six feet four or five into well-earned retirement, for as a man in blue the Bank knows him no more—for years in front of the Mansion House, and watched the stream of traffic flowing in intermittent currents along the City streets! Only country people are aware of the dangers of London streets; Londoners are happily oblivious of them, gaining much peace of mind at the risk of some physical penalty, especially if there be runaways about.

### "A BULL IN A CHINA SHIP"

IN this instance it was nearly as bad as a bull in the proverbial china shop. On distant stations difficulties at times arise in obtaining that fresh beef so necessary to supplement and maintain the fighting instincts of the race. Some latitude is allowed regarding the rules laid down for selection. In the instance depicted orders were imperative. After protest, the beasts were bought during an ominous falling of the barometer. The hero was coaxed (and goaded by Coreans) to the landing-place, where, as the rains fell, the winds blew, and darkness overspread the sea, he refused to embark; but was Jack ever foiled in managing animals, from the elephant to the kitten? No! Artifice was used. When alongside his bulk was only known to some officers and the boat's crew, and his sudden appearance, descent on the slippery deck, and too rapid recovery caused considerable alarms and excursions. The messmates of the amateur butcher (who did not perform) having eaten the head, had subsequent misgivings, mental and physical.—Our engraving is from a sketch by C. W. Cole, H.M.S. *Anson*, Channel Squadron.



LONDON DRINKING-WATER is unusually pure just now. Three official experts during the last few weeks analysed 182 samples of water, collected from various parts of London and the suburbs, and found them uniformly satisfactory.

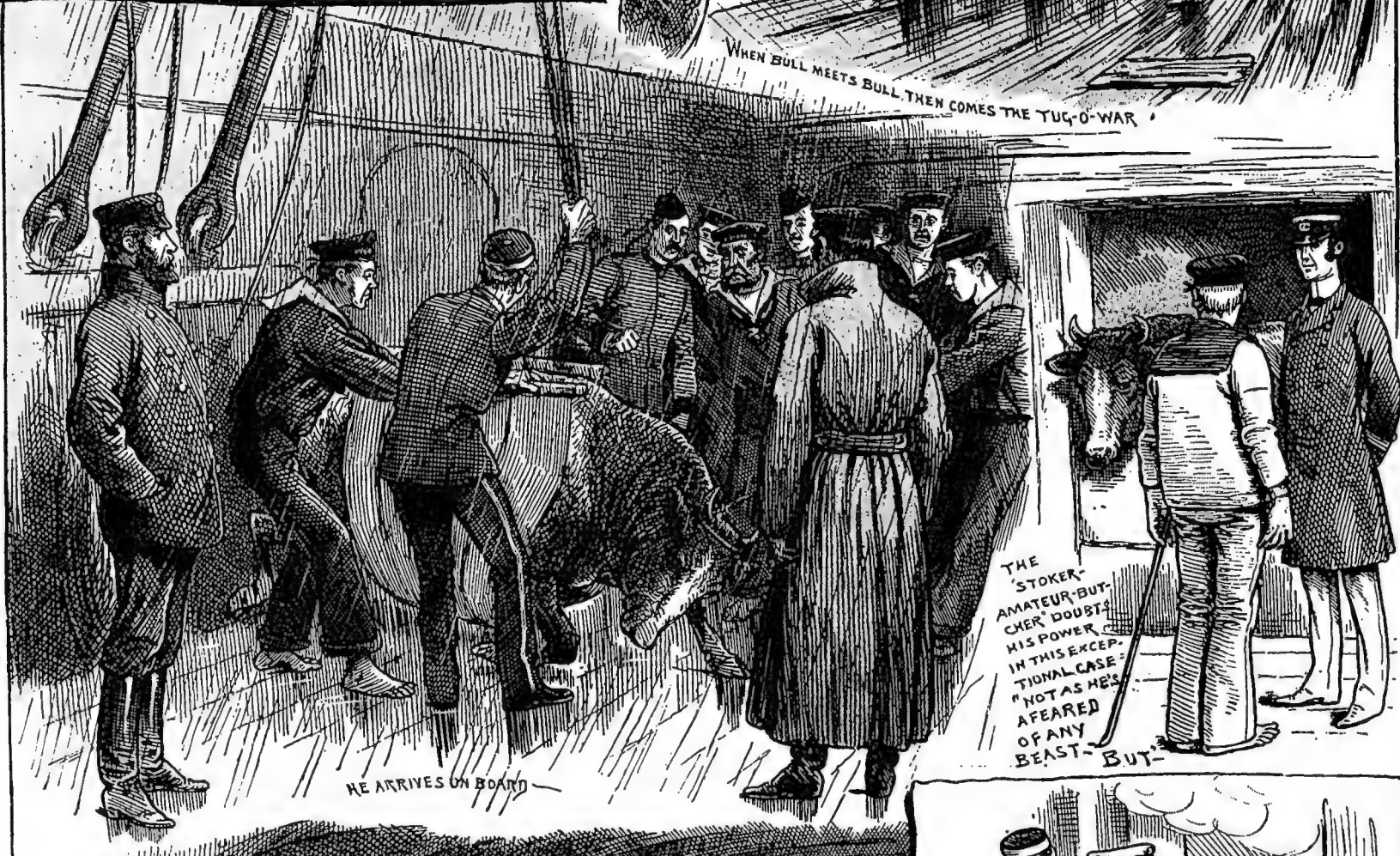
MOUNT ETNA is again in eruption. Thick columns of smoke rise from the central cone, while showers of cinders have fallen on the eastern slope. Slight earthquakes also have been felt, a similar shock being experienced at Lisbon.

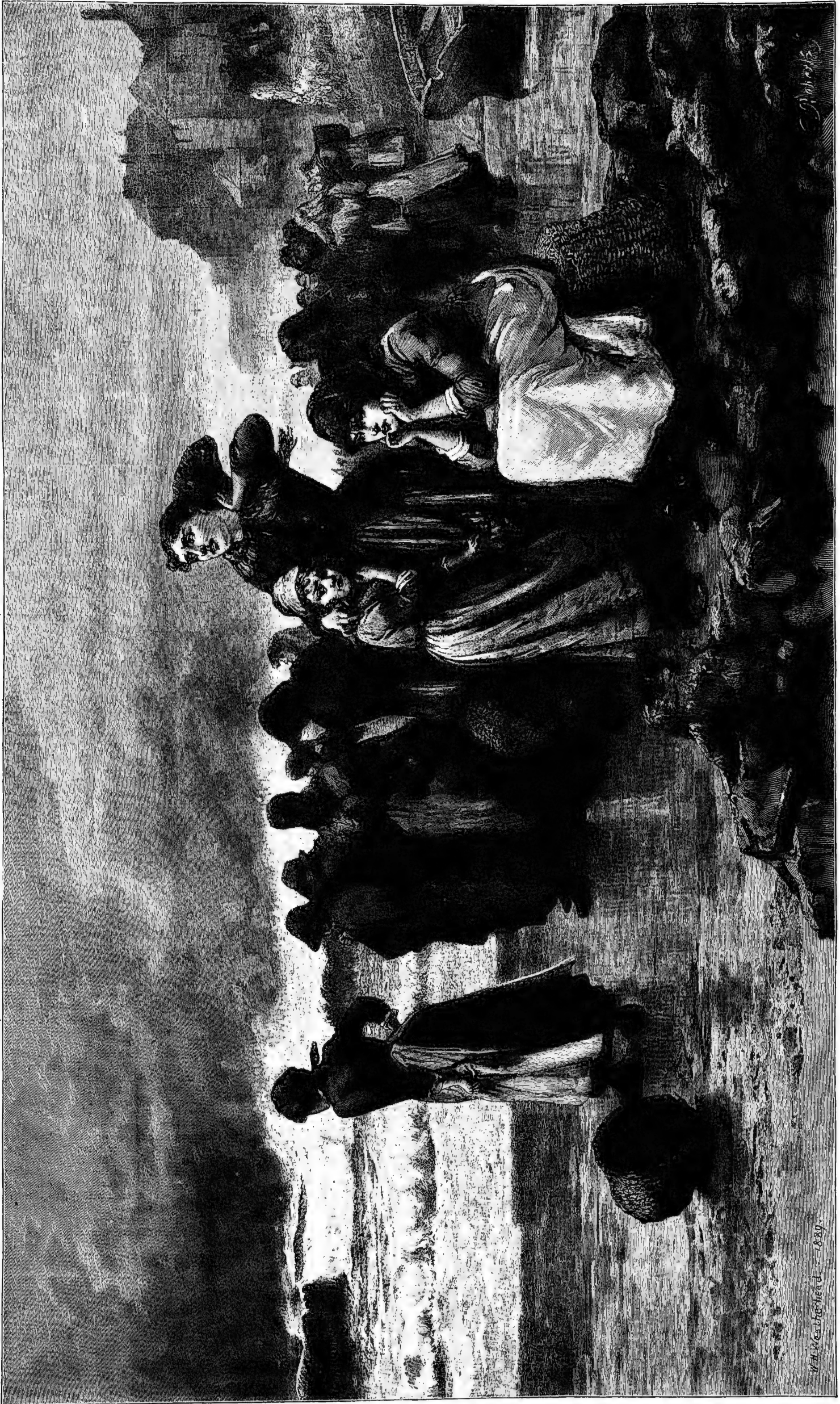
THE MOUNTAINS AND GLACIERS OF ALASKA have been surveyed by an American Government Expedition, just returned after three months' stay at Yakutat Bay. The explorers decided that Mount St. Elias, the loftiest peak, undoubtedly stands in United States territory, and that its height has been much exaggerated, together with the altitude of neighbouring summits. They now consider that Mount St. Elias is but 13,500 ft. high instead of 19,500 ft., as hitherto estimated.

MR. STANLEY APPEALS for additional funds to complete the 5,000l. required to place a missionary steamer on the Victoria Nyanza. When his return to England aroused such intense interest in African affairs, the scheme of this vessel was eagerly adopted as a memorial of his efforts. But the excitement cooled down, and as yet not quite half the sum is forthcoming. All other missions have suitable boats on the Lake, but the representatives of the Church Missionary Society in Uganda possess no such advantage, their solitary sailing boat being worn out by old age.

LONDON MORTALITY increased considerably last week. The deaths numbered 1,741, against 1,472 during the previous seven days, being a rise of 269, and 110 above the average, while the death rate ran up to 20.5 per 1,000. The colder weather affected chest complaints, for the fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs advanced to 340 from 197, although 7 below the average. Diphtheria also remains high, the fatalities numbering 41, being an increase of 3, and 14 over the usual return. There were 75 deaths from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decrease of 19, but double the ordinary average), 59 from measles (a rise of 21, and 26 above the average), 30 from whooping-cough (an advance of 1), 21 from enteric fever (an increase of 1), 20 from scarlet fever (similar to last week), 2 from ill-defined forms of fever, and 2 from cholera and choleraic diarrhoea. Different forms of violence caused 52 deaths, including 6 suicides and a murder. There were 2,412 births registered, an advance of 3, and 352 below the average.

COUNT VON MOLTKE'S NINETIETH BIRTHDAY is to be celebrated to-morrow (Sunday) as a national event throughout Germany. A man of the simplest habits, and detesting ceremony, the Count himself would have preferred to keep the anniversary quietly at his Silesian home, but Emperor William insisted on honouring the veteran who contributed so largely to the foundation of the German Empire, and at His Majesty's repeated request Von Moltke came to Berlin for the occasion. By Imperial command, all the Generals commanding Army Corps assemble at Berlin, the King of Saxony included, all schools will take a holiday, and at the Schloss the Emperor will entertain Von Moltke at a State Banquet. Addresses, congratulatory letters, and various gifts will rain upon the Marshal, including an important address from the chief German cities, and a silver laurel wreath from Munich, each leaf being inscribed with the name and date of one of his victories. The students are preparing torchlight processions and "Commers," while portraits, biographies, and commemorative medals of the hero of the day abound on all sides, and his likeness is to be painted especially for the Hamburg City Gallery of Pictures. One practical result of the commemoration will be the establishment of a "Home for Aged Men" in the house at Parchim, in Mecklenburg, where Von Moltke was born. At the time of his birth, the family was in modest circumstances, and his parents lived with the father's brother, a captain in the Mecklenburg army. Even in Turkey, the anniversary will be commemorated, for Von Moltke was once in the Turkish service, and accordingly the Sultan will feast his surviving comrades at the Palace.





"But of all who weary and trembling wait,  
For the missing boats and their precious freight ;  
Tis known, O Father, to none but Thee,  
If they safely come home or be lost at sea,"  
FROM THE PICTURE BY W. H. WEATHERHEAD, R.I., EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE



THOSE who have felt an interest in the career of, perhaps, the greatest diplomatic servant of the Crown will be glad to learn that Messrs. Longmans have published a popular edition of "The Life of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe," by Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole. The present edition is condensed from the Library Edition, published in two volumes in 1888, chiefly by the omission of the longer dispatches and memoranda. While, we are assured by the author, nothing of general interest has been sacrificed, reference must be made to the larger work for such detailed explanations and authenticating references as are necessarily excluded from a volume of this scope. On the whole, to the average reader, this very manageable octavo of three hundred and seventy-seven pages will be preferable to the bulkier library volumes. There are abundant extracts from the memoirs, printed in a somewhat smaller type than the rest of the text, and everything that is necessary to form a full and clear appreciation of the character of the great Englishman who for so long exercised a dominating influence at Stamboul.—We have also received from the same publishing firm a fresh instalment of another valuable reprint, in the third and fourth volumes of Mr. Spencer Walpole's "History of England from the Conclusion of the Great War in 1815." The price of each volume is 6s. The first chapter of Volume III. deals with our foreign policy down to Navarino, while the last chapter of Volume IV. treats of "The Condition of England in 1841." It is needless to say that in Mr. Walpole's work we have a most valuable and exhaustive history of the nation during the greater portion of the first half of the nineteenth century.

Mr. Edward R. Taylor, Head Master of the Birmingham Municipal School of Art, has written an educational and technical guide for teachers and learners, under the title "Elementary Art Teaching" (Chapman and Hall). The subjects he touches on are numerous, and include infant-school work, the work of the standards, free-hand, geometry, model-drawing, Nature-drawing, colour, light and shade, modelling, and design, and his text is elucidated with over six hundred diagrams and illustrations. Although this book deals only with methods of teaching and learning—with the lowest foundation-work in each section—it is the result of experience gained by actual work in the workshop and the studio, and by Art-teaching in schools of Art, elementary schools, private schools, training college, &c. It may surprise many persons to have it on so good authority as that of Mr. Taylor that our national organisation for Art education, although not faultless, has no parallel on the Continent, and its working and results have been keenly inquired into by successive Commissions, who have recognised similar organisations for their own countries. It began its work when industrial Art was dead in England, although surviving as a vital force in France and Germany. "Even in the year 1851," says Mr. Taylor, "industrial Art had scarcely begun to revive, for the illustrated catalogue of the great Exhibition of that year, which gave illustrations of the best Art-work exhibited, is as a Chamber of Horrors in contrast to the Art-work of to-day." "Elementary Art Teaching" should be of the highest utility to those for whom it is intended.

Miss Bettina Walker introduces us to the society of many distinguished musicians in "My Musical Experiences" (Richard Bentley). They are Sir Sterndale Bennett, Tausig, Sgambati, Liszt, Deppe, Scharwenka, and Henselt. The first of these masters took Miss Walker, who was his pupil, much into his confidence, and some of his sayings which the author records may not be without general interest. Speaking of public playing as a profession, he once said to her, with much emphasis, "Nowadays it is not worth any one's while to take up public performances as a profession; things are so different to what they were when I was a boy. Then no one ever thought of giving themselves entirely to it, unless they had a natural and most unmistakable gift for the 'pianoforte.' In the present day the advance in the mechanical (the means which bring one to a certain point) is so great that numbers of clever people who have but little natural talent for music become players through a system of admirable training." We have, in another chapter, an astonishing picture of the extent to which Liszt-worship was carried. At a reunion in Weimar, a singer coming into the room kissed the master's hand, and a lady present inveighed against this act of homage to the musician. "No sooner was she gone away," says Miss Walker, "than the singer burst out indignantly to the effect that he would have spoken, but feared that when he had once begun he would have said too much. 'And she is a woman,' he said, 'and I should not like to have been rude to her; but I had a mind to tell her that it would be an honour to her, not merely to kiss his hand, but also his feet. Yes,' added Herr — 'I have seen Tausig kneel to him and kiss the hem of his coat!' Still, Miss Walker admits that this fervour often degenerated into fever, and that the spontaneity and *elan* were said in many instances "to have overleaped the bounds which fence in domestic happiness."

Mr. H. S. Salt presents us with an interesting biography of the American Richard Jefferies in "The Life of Henry David Thoreau." Thoreau has also been compared to Rousseau and Diogenes. At any rate he was a great lover and marvellous observer of Nature. His personality has been the centre of a whole literature of eulogistic or hostile criticism. In a country given over to commercialism, he preferred the quietude of the fields and woods to the hurry and the bustle of the race for wealth, and the convictions he gathered in his abnormal mode of life were not such as find favour with the ordinary orthodox. He was at once a Transcendentalist and a Pantheist. In his view, God was not to be considered apart from the material world, nor was man to be set above and aloof from the rest of creation and the lower forms of life; he tracked everywhere the same Divine intelligence—"inanimate" Nature there was none, since all was instinct with the same universal Spirit. It was his purpose, according to the biographer, "to civilise Nature with the highest intuitions of the mind; which show her simplicity to restless and artificial men." Mr. Salt has done his work well, and placed clearly before us the character and career of one of the most remarkable and noteworthy persons whom New England has produced.

To the Camelot Series (Walter Scott), edited by Mr. Ernest Rhys, has been added "The Ethics of Aristotle: Chase's Translation (Newly Revised)," with an Introductory Essay by George Henry Lewes. The basis of this version of the Nicomachean Ethics is the scholarly and readable translation of the Rev. D. P. Chase, M.A., Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, which was published at Oxford in 1847. It has been carefully revised throughout, and corrected in certain points in which it seemed to conflict with the best scholarship of the present day. Mr. Chase's object was to assist two classes of students: those to whom the text itself of the Ethics presented difficulties, and those who may need an interpreter of the meaning. He therefore translated closely, rendering the Greek terms always by the same English ones. Mr. Scott has reprinted a useful work.—The same publisher, in the same series, gives us "Pericles and Aspasia," by Walter Savage Landor, with a preface by Havelock Ellis. This work was originally published in the beginning of 1856; but the publisher lost by the venture, and Landor characteristically returned to him one hundred pounds previously advanced. The verdict of the public of thirty-four years ago has

long been reversed. By the few who have known and loved the work of Landor, "Pericles and Aspasia" has been frequently placed in the first rank. Mr. Ellis is probably not wrong in thinking that it is destined now, under fresh auspices, to delight an even larger circle.

Mrs. J. E. Pantou has added to her list of works on domestic adornment a neat little volume, "Homes of Taste" (Sampson Low). It contains many useful hints and advertisements, and thousands of housewives would be none the worse for carefully conning its intelligent suggestions. The author holds, probably with justice, that even in the smallest and cheapest of houses, where the builder and landlord have done their worst, and where there seems no place for the bed except between the window and the door, with the foot in the fireplace, much may be done if only the eye is continually looking about for pretty things, and one has common sense. A curtain hanging down outside the door, according to Mrs. Pantou, may make a bed that faces that door a secure place of refuge. "Screens," she observes, "are more useful too than can be said, and now cretonnes are so very cheap, and artistic serges abound, no one who has the smallest eye for colour—and she who has not would not care or even know if her room were ugly or charming—need have no ugly room or an ugly house."

Messrs. Frederick Warne and Co. publish a first manual of musical form and history, for students and readers, "Musical Groundwork," by Mr. Frederick J. Crowest. This is not altogether a book for musical beginners. It is rather a first manual which the vast number of grown-up people taking, or desiring to take, an intelligent interest in music may study or peruse. As Mr. Crowest remarks, there are many girls and youths qualifying for various examinations who are without any real definite knowledge as to groundwork of the greatest of the Arts. Thousands of people exist who gossip about music, but are probably without any knowledge of the gradual development of the Art. They would be none the worse for reading a manual like this.

A capital book of well-chosen quotations is "The Steps of the Sun" (Rivingtons). It consists of "Daily Readings in Prose," selected by Miss Agnes Mason. The compiler has made use of an admirable judgment, going only to the best authors, and being careful to bring away only their most excellent wisdom.

To his "Adventure Series" of reprints Mr. Fisher Unwin has added "Memoirs of the Extraordinary Military Career of John Shipp, late a Lieutenant in His Majesty's 87th Regiment," written by himself. This edition is illustrated, and has an introduction from the pen of Mr. H. Manners Chichester. Shipp came of humble Suffolk parentage, and twice by his gallantry rose from the ranks to be an officer in the Indian Wars of the beginning of the century. This book was first brought out in 1829 by Mr. Hurst of Great Marlborough Street, and proved a literary success. There is no reason why it should fail to find similar favour now.

We have received from Messrs. Harrison and Sons "Critical Notes on Shakspeare's Comedies," by the Rev. J. G. Orger, M.A., English Chaplain at Dinan.

The Rev. G. C. Bateman, Rector of Jacobstowe, North Devon, has collected into a useful volume "Fresh Water Aquaria" (Upcott Gill), a series of articles which he contributed to the *Bazaar*. The author tells us that when he was a boy he frequently looked forward to one day possessing an aquarium so large that he might bring together as many aquatic creatures as he liked from the neighbouring ponds and streams, and place them in a tank, and make himself happy by watching the habits and changes of the captives. He found, however, that the realisation of his hopes did not always bring with it the anticipated pleasure. The sticklebacks and the aquatic spiders would not build their nests side by side; the *Dytiscus marginalis* absolutely refused to live on anything like friendly terms with the minnows; the snails, while crawling over his most valued plants, were not able to refrain from devouring them and ruining them; the water would not keep bright, nor the glass of the tank clear; and his patience was sorely tried. He conquered his difficulties by perseverance, and by dint of diagram and lucid explanation endeavours to make things easy for those who may have similar ambitions, and be desirous of walking in his footsteps.

An excellent work for boys is published by Messrs. Routledge. This is "Great African Travellers: From Bruce and Mungo Park to Livingstone and Stanley," by Mr. W. H. G. Kingston and Mr. Charles Rathbone Low. An abbreviated account is given of the adventures and explorations of the travellers mentioned in the title-page; and also of those of every African traveller of note from the time of Bruce and Mungo Park down to the present day. The authors are, however, unfortunate in the fact that their work was written before the publication of Mr. Stanley's book on the rescue of Emin Pasha, describing the incidents and discoveries which have made that journey so memorable in the history of African travel. Their letterpress dealing with the Congo as revealed by Stanley is therefore drawn exclusively from the great explorer's letters to England and his addresses delivered before June 20th, 1890. The book is in any case an attractive one, and its charm, especially for the young, is enhanced by its hundred illustrations.

Mrs. A. Patchett-Martin informs us that "Under the Gum Tree," the collection of stories recently accorded favourable notice in our columns, is by her, and not by Mrs. Campbell-Praed, who is only one of the contributors.

THE GREAT PHOTOGRAPHIC ATLAS OF THE HEAVENS will be commenced next year after the directors of the eighteen chief observatories in the world have met at Paris on March 30 to make the final arrangements. The atlas will contain from 1,800 to 2,000 leaves, representing 42,080 large squares, which comprehend the superficies of the celestial sphere.

EMPEROR WILLIAM is now bent on railway reform. He wants to introduce the zone tariff throughout Germany, as the system has been so successful in Hungary. By-the-way, the Austrians are much annoyed at the Hungarian lines adopting the cheap zone tariff for goods, as they will be obliged to follow suit, or will find their merchandise traffic diverted to the Hungarian routes.

THE PERKY BRITISH SPARROWS in New York find that the electric light provides them with an easy breakfast. Since electricity has replaced gas in the public parks, the light attracts large quantities of insects, which fall dead into the globes. When the current is turned off in the morning, the sparrows are waiting about, and speedily clear the globes by snapping up the insects.

BRITISH TROOPS IN THE LUSHAI COUNTRY make a most favourable impression when brought closely into contact with the natives. Two Chins, who had been captives for some months at Fort White, were recently exchanged for a couple of British soldiers held by the enemy, and on quitting their captors the natives declared they had been so happy in gaol, that they should like to get married and live there.

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES is bent on being a centenarian, and follows a strict regimen to accomplish the desired object. He has always taken great care of himself, and now, at eighty years old, he is wiry, bright, and alert as ever. His rooms are equipped with barometers, aerometers, and every precaution against catching cold. During the winter he never rises till the temperature is suitable, nor takes a bath without having the water tested for the required heat. His time is regularly mapped out—so much for reading, writing, recreation, and exercise, while his meals are studies of prudence and digestion.



MESSRS. GEORGE PHILIP AND SON.—"How to Teach Sight-Singing" and "School Songs, with Sight-Singing Exercises," both by John Taylor, are clever, and prove that the composer and author has expended much pains and thought on his works, which, in the hands of a specialist teacher, might be used with a good result, but the majority of teachers and learners would soon give up in despair. To be used in conjunction with the above-named two books is "The Stave Modulator" and "The Key Modulator," an ingenious arrangement in black and red, the use of which we will not venture to explain. "The Moveable Do System," whilst professing to smooth away and simplify all difficulties, bristles with complications. Part I., in three divisions, is styled "A Simple Course for Infants and First Beginners;" possibly, in the course of time, infant prodigies may be found equal to understanding this system.

MESSRS. WILLCOCKS AND CO.—"The Charms of Life," a drinking-song, words traditional, music by Harold Oakley, will take well at a smoking concert or a supper-party where total abstinents are not present. It is of medium compass.—"Child's Play" is the collective title of six easy pieces for young beginners, composed by John P. Attwater. No. 1, "In the Swing," is the prettiest and easiest of the set; No. 2, "Follow the Leader," will charm the young folks and lead to a game of romps; No. 3, "The Children's Party," is feeble, and will not please the juveniles; No. 4, "By the Stream," is a good study; Nos. 5 and 6, "Getting Tired" and "Home for the Holidays," are very commonplace.

MISCELLANEOUS.—There is much originality in both words and music of "Home! Sweet Home," a song from Lord Tennyson's "The Cup," which Mrs. Myles Kennedy has set to music very successfully. The scene from which this song is taken opens in the house of Sininatus, a Roman Tetrarch; Camma, his wife sings it whilst awaiting his return from the hunt (Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.).—It is satisfactory to meet with so easy and comprehensible a little work as "Webster's Child's Primer of the Theory of Music," which is not beyond the powers of an ordinary child, and from which the youngest musical student may be taught the first rudiments of theory (Messrs. Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh).—"We'll All Go-a-Hunting Together; or Fox-Hunting Weather," is a merry and seasonable song, the racy words by F. E. Weatherly, music by Mary Whitaker, who has thoroughly caught the spirit of her theme; the expressive countenances of three hounds on the frontispiece are excellent portraits we should imagine (Charles Woolhouse).—"The Golden Land," written and composed by Charles W. Hubner and J. Wilton Gonsalves, is a pleasing song of a serious character. By the above-named composer, are "The Lady Bayley Polka," which made a decided hit at the ball at Belvedere given by Lady Bayley to Prince Albert Victor of Wales; and "Grand March Beneath Britannia's Flag," arranged for full orchestra or pianoforte (Messrs. Hubner and Co.).

THE CHOLERA affected the annual pilgrimage to Mecca very considerably. One pilgrim steamer left Bombay with 1,222 devotees for the Holy City, but on reaching Jeddah was quarantined for ten days, as six cases of cholera had occurred during the voyage. Just as the quarantine was ending another case broke out, resulting in ten days' further duration. By the time the second delay expired the *Haj* was over, and the pilgrims were obliged to return, having spent their all without attaining their object. Such a disaster has only occurred once in half a century, and the pilgrims regarded it as a visitation of Divine displeasure.

ANY VESSEL CAUSING A DISASTER AT HER LAUNCH is regarded by the Japanese as doomed to ill-fortune for her whole career. At Osaka lately a vessel capsized whilst being launched, several persons being drowned, so her owners determined to destroy her at once before the unlucky craft produced a further catastrophe. The destruction was carried out by night with much ceremony. The shipbuilding yard was decorated with lamps, and all the fittings of the vessel were solemnly burnt, together with every scrap of wood laid aside for her construction. Then the hull was towed out into the river, fired, and sunk, so that her smoke might prove incense to the spirits of those dying by her fault, and to the god whose anger had caused the accident.

THE COMING WORLD'S FAIR AT CHICAGO has caused so much dispute and dissension before even its site could be decided, that many of its advocates are sorely disappointed at the Exhibition being located at the Lake City. However, the site at present chosen is most favourable for a vast display. The Lake front portion is a long grassy common along the shore, bordering the business centre of the city, and covering about ninety acres, while further space can be obtained by draining some submerged ground and bridging over the railway. The main entrance to the Fair will be there, together with the Art buildings, and the agricultural and mechanical exhibits will occupy the second portion of the site, Jackson Park, which affords fully 550 acres. Rail and steamer will connect the two divisions.

THE STORKS HAVE LEFT THE RHINELAND very early this autumn, owing to the severe storms and floods. Usually the birds remain until the middle of October. On the Dutch side of the river the storks assembled in large numbers in the fields between Horn and Weerd, in the Province of Limburg, and held their usual final council. The elders of the tribe formed a ring in the centre, surrounded by the younger members, and after much chattering the whole party roosted on the roof of the Castle, whence they took their flight for the South early next morning. Most of the swallows, too, departed sooner than usual from Northern France, notwithstanding the lovely September weather. A few stragglers remained behind, but the majority left on September 17th, after the first light frost of the season, coming from all quarters to the church-tower of each village, and then taking their flight in a single large flock.

A SLEDGE ASCENT OF MONT BLANC has been made by the Parisian astronomer who recently erected the hut on the Rocher des Bosses, the highest mountain refuge in Europe. M. Janssen was determined to prove that a conveyance of some kind could be taken up the mountain, so he procured a very light sledge mounted on "glisses"—wooden skate-like contrivances, used for sending wood down the mountain-side. Twenty-two men formed the party. Six, or eight when necessary, dragged the sledge in which M. Janssen sat, others carried provisions, and others cut steps in the snow at difficult points. The ascent was most arduous, and the men often begged their leader to desist, but at last the party reached the refuge on the Rocher des Bosses, eight hours after leaving the Grands Mulets. Here they were snowed up for three days by a severe storm, but eventually went on to the summit and returned in safety to Chamonix. M. Janssen persists that an observatory might be constructed on the summit of Mont Blanc, judging from the success of his little refuge—which however has yet to stand the test of winter storms. He thinks that the crust of snow at the top of the mountain is comparatively thin, being continually swept by the wind. Thus it would not be very difficult to reach the rock beneath and plant firm foundations for the structure.

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## CHURCH

ON THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER'S approaching translation to the See of Winchester, he will be succeeded in his present See by the Very Rev. Dr. Randall T. Davidson, Dean of Windsor. The Bishop-designate, who is in his forty-second year, was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Oxford, and was ordained in 1874. After a brief career of three years as curate, he was appointed Chaplain and Private Secretary to the then Primate, Archbishop Tait, whose son-in-law he became in the following year. He was soon known as a preacher and speaker, and as an organiser, having been responsible for most of the arrangements made for the Lambeth Conference in 1878. He was appointed in 1880 Examining Chaplain to Bishop Lightfoot, of Durham, and two years later Sub-Almoner and Honorary Chaplain to the Queen. On Archbishop Tait's death in 1882, his successor, the present Primate, retained Mr. Davidson as Chaplain and Private Secretary until 1883. He was then selected by the Queen for the Deanery of Windsor, of which the annual value is 2,000*l.* and was also appointed Her Majesty's Resident Chaplain, receiving in the same year the honorary degree of D.D. from the University of St. Andrews. Dr. Davidson has contributed largely on ecclesiastical and historical subjects to periodicals. His elevation to the See of Rochester has been attacked as a misuse of patronage, but among the most ardent of the asserters of the excellence of the appointment have been those two representatives of church parties, diametrically opposed to each other, the High Church Viscount Halifax, President of the English Church Union, and the Rev. Mr. Haws, the well-known Broad Churchman. According to one account, in some remarks made on the occasion of his consecration, on Saturday, in Canterbury Cathedral, of the new Bishop of Dover, Dr. Eden, the Primate spoke of Dr. Davidson's appointment to the See of Rochester as an act of noble self-sacrifice on the part of Her Majesty, who had sent away her trusted friend and adviser—for such the Dean of Windsor was—in order to benefit the Church in a wider field.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR has accepted the chaplaincy of the House of Commons, vacant through the death of the Rev. Henry White. There seems a peculiar appropriateness in this appointment, since St. Margaret's, Westminster, of which Dr. Farrar is Rector, is the church of the House of Commons.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Services in the chapel of Lincoln's Inn, which was closed during the Long Vacation, will be resumed to-morrow (Sunday).—At a meeting of members of the congregation of the Savoy, an influential committee, with Mr. Burdett-Coutts, M.P., as one of its treasurers, was appointed to raise funds for providing a memorial of the late Rev. Henry White's ministrations. About 150*l.* was subscribed in the room. Mr. White's family have gratefully accepted the offer of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts to erect a memorial over his grave at Brompton.—Mr. F. A. Bevan has given the London City Mission 1,000*l.* to be repeated annually for the next four years in memory of his father, who was a munificent

contributor to its funds.—The Dean of Exeter (Dr. Cowie) is about to resign the Gresham Professorship of Geometry which he has held since 1854, and which is in the gift of the City side of the Gresham Committee.—The Rev. F. H. Woods succeeds the Rev. Canon Kirkpatrick as Warburton Lecturer at Lincoln's Inn.—A Canonry in Exeter Cathedral, worth 1,000*l.* per annum, with the Treasurership of the Cathedral, is vacant through the death of the Rev. Herbert Barnes, who took Orders in 1855, and was Archdeacon of Barnstaple from 1885 to 1889.—Preaching recently the annual Lion sermon at the Church of St. Catherine Cree, Leadenhall Street, the Rev. Dr. Whittemore said that this was the 273rd Lion sermon preached there, and that it had been founded by Sir John Gare, afterwards Lord Mayor of London, to commemorate his deliverance from a lion in the Arabian desert.—Mr. Shorthouse, the author of "John Inglesant," gives an emphatic contradiction to the statement that he thinks of becoming a Roman Catholic. "For the last thirty-five years," he writes, "ever since I was of age, I have been a member of the old-fashioned High Church party, and in this fellowship and communion I hope, by the grace of God, to die."—A beautiful Roman Catholic Church has been erected at Cambridge, through the munificence of Mrs. Lynce Stephens, of Lynford Hall, Norfolk, who has defrayed the whole cost of the structure (70,000*l.*), the Duke of Norfolk contributing 3,000*l.* towards the purchase of the site.—In the Secretaryship of the Congregational Church Aid and Home Missionary Society, the Rev. William F. Clarkson of Birmingham succeeds the Rev. Andrew Mearns.—The Rev. John McNeill, the so-called "Scottish Spurgeon" of the Scottish Presbyterian Church, Regent Square, has finally decided to decline the "call" from Westminster Chapel.

## LEGAL

THE NEW RECORDER OF NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYME is Mr. H. Tudor Boddam, of the Oxford Circuit, who was called to the Bar in 1872, and has been a Revising Barrister since 1879.

IN A CIRCULAR TO MAGISTRATES, the Home Secretary expresses regret at finding that nearly one-half of the commitments to Reformatories are on first convictions. He therefore impresses on Justices the necessity for ascertaining in each case that the discipline of a Reformatory is required, so as to avoid sending comparatively innocent children to associate with hardened offenders.

AT THE TRIAL OF THE ACTION for breach of promise of marriage, brought in April last year by Miss Hairs against Sir George Elliot, M.P., the jury could not agree on a verdict. The plaintiff re-entered the case, and it was put down for trial during the sittings of this Michaelmas, but she has since altered her mind, and her solicitors applied in Judge's Chambers to be allowed to discontinue the action. Leave was granted, but only on the condition, which was accepted, that the plaintiff undertook not to bring any further action, and to pay the whole costs of the proceedings.

THE CASE OF MRS. MAUD YATES, prosecuted by her father-in-law, Mr. Edmund Yates, of the *World*, for forging and uttering, with intent to defraud him, under circumstances already detailed in this column, came before the Central Criminal Court on Tuesday. It was agreed by counsel on both sides that the matter should stand over until next sessions, with the view to some arrangement being made in the interval.

THE ADJOURNED INQUEST on the victims of the disastrous fire in Cloth Fair, City, was resumed on Tuesday. Among the witnesses examined was Mr. James Rowley, for the last twenty-three years a member of the firm on whose premises the fire occurred. He explained that they bought the pure naphtha, and that the solution of indiarubber in naphtha necessary for the manufacture of helmets was made on the premises. He had always thought the solution to be innocent until the previous day, when, from experiments made by an officer of the City Corporation, he learned that it was almost as dangerous as the pure naphtha. In consequence, he and his partner had determined to remove the helmet-making "right out of London." The person responsible for the making of the solution was James Haussmann, who, just before the outbreak of fire, carried upstairs a can of the solution. He might have thrown some light on the origin of the fire, but he was one of the victims whom it destroyed. Another witness, a foreman of the firm, had heard that in bringing up the can, Haussmann spilt some of the solution on his person, and if he had gone near the gas with it, he might have been set on fire and have thus caused the catastrophe. The inquiry was adjourned until Wednesday next.

THE KEEPER OF A REGISTERED COMMON LODGING HOUSE in Spitalfields was summoned at the Worship Street Police Court for non-compliance with sanitary regulations prescribed by the Act. During the proceedings the Inspector of Police, who prosecuted, stated it incidentally to be a fact that the common lodging-houses were not paying as well as they did before General Booth's Salvation Army shelters had been opened in Spitalfields. Mr. Montagu Williams said that he was very glad to hear it; anything that helped to abolish these lodging-houses would be an improvement. He fined the defendant 5*l.* for his breach of the law, warning him that he was liable to a penalty of 40*s.* for every day of continued neglect.

FEW OF THE CASES tried at the last sessions of the Central Criminal Court were more painful than that, reported in this column at the time, of Edward T. Dixon, paymaster of H.M.S. *Volga*, who pleaded guilty to embezzling 1,476*l.* of the monies entrusted to him in his official capacity. Although only forty-three, he had been in the service twenty-eight years, and had borne the best possible character. At the age of fifty-five he would have been entitled to an annual pension of 450*l.*, of which his conviction deprives him. He was this week brought up for sentence. In mitigation it was pleaded for him that when he committed the crime he was out of his mind owing to drink. The Common Serjeant sentenced him to eighteen months' hard labour.

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CURES LUMBAGO.  
CURES LUMBAGO.  
CURES LUMBAGO.  
CURES LUMBAGO.

Mrs. G. M. Young, 1, Sully Street, Grove Street, Liverpool, writes that the contents of one bottle of St. Jacobs Oil cured her of lumbago, after she had given up all hopes of ever being better.

## ST. JACOBS OIL

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CURES NEURALGIA.  
CURES NEURALGIA.

Mrs. D. Coast, of Grove Cottage, Sandway, Maidstone, Kent, says:—"The second bottle of St. Jacobs Oil has cured me of neuralgia of two years standing."

Mr. Furnival, master, British Schools, Marshfield, England, says:—"Having suffered from neuralgia for a long time, I was quickly and permanently cured by one application of St. Jacobs Oil, after all other remedies had failed."

L. A. Cowap, chemist, of Church Street, Medhurst, says:—"I had an opportunity a few days ago of seeing St. Jacobs Oil used in a case of facial neuralgia, and I must say the effect was instantaneous, the pain entirely disappearing in a few minutes."

For more than nine months Mr. Harry L. Ague, carpenter in the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, suffered from neuralgia in the head. He could obtain no relief, but a few applications of St. Jacobs Oil removed all pain and cured him.

Mr. T. Bann, 45, Stonehill Street, Anfield, Liverpool, says:—"I have tried St. Jacobs Oil for neuralgia, and the pain left me after one rubbing."

James McKenzie, Corporal, Royal Engineers, Chatham, was nearly crazy with neuralgia in his face and head. St. Jacobs Oil was applied, and the pain ceased at once as if by magic.

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Towels, Fringed  
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Huckaback and  
Fancy Towellings,  
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THE SEASON remains favourable to most agricultural operations. Potato-lifting has been in rapid progress, and the results are proving better than anticipated, not only in Great Britain, but in Ireland also, and in France. Grain threshing has been brisk, and the deliveries at market have been in satisfactory condition. The ground has scarcely favoured wheat-sowing, but for this there is still plenty of time. Leaves now strewn the ground in great quantity, and the prudent gardener is storing or pitting them for subsequent employment in their valuable form of leaf-manure. With the first touches of frost the nasturtiums are vanishing, but the chrysanthemums are coming on well, and many early sorts are already in full glory of blossom. The Michaelmas daisies display their rich abundance of small starry flowers, while the berries on the hawthorn and the holly promise plenty of food for the birds should the winter prove hard.

THE FINE AUTUMN has, among its many other advantages, been specially useful in favouring the cleaning of the stubbles. A Surreyland farmer has been harrowing his weeds together, and carting them into heaps to be rotted and mixed with lime. He has found this better for light land than burning. On heavy land the quicker method is the one usually adopted, and the aroma of weed-burning has given a peculiar "autumnal" odour to many a country walk. In the neat farming of East Anglia clean wheat stubbles, intended for mangold or barley next year, are usually ploughed with three horses immediately after harvest, as deep and dry as possible. The land lies rough through the winter, and needs very little tillage in the spring. Foul stubbles, after the weeds have been as far as possible gathered up after harrowing and burned, have furrows opened in them, and water furrows formed. In the spring the land is re-ploughed several times, and then mangold may be sown.

ANOTHER way of dealing with foul stubbles is that recommended by the *Field* newspaper. This excellent authority advises farmers to initiate "the enemy" in sowing tare, which act as "a smother crop," extirpating the baser sort of weeds. The tares should be folded in May and June, and followed by some strong standing kind of wheat sown on the tare fallow. In Essex, many farmers prefer oats to wheat for this purpose. As tares this autumn are exceedingly cheap, the policy of our contemporary may well recommend itself to a number of farmers.

AN ESSEX FARMER has found two years' seeds particularly advantageous, and, in a dry autumn like the present, when the clover leys will necessarily be ploughed very late, some of them might possibly be allowed to remain. In some degree it might be looked upon as a sacrifice to save a good plant of clover a second

year, and thus postpone the wheat crop, but, with mixtures of rye-grass and so forth, there can be no such scruples, as a plant of autumn-sown grain, after such mixtures, is at best precarious, while if left for a second year it may generally be relied upon, by the aid of a moderate expenditure in artificial manures, to grow from one and a half to two tons of hay per acre during the season. This, calculating on the smaller crop at the moderate price of 60s. per ton, would amount to 90s. per acre, with the advantage of having a solid piece of land to run the sheep on all winter. If a few roots were thrown about, no top dressing would be needed.

THE QUESTION OF ARABLE AGAINST PASTURE is frequently taken as including the question of keeping agricultural labourers in the country or driving them into the towns. A well-known writer has now come forward to deny that the second question is in many ways a corollary of the first. If, he says, the pasture farms prosper, and afford regular and safe employment for a certain number of hands upon them, this will be a better inducement to labourers to stay in the locality than arable farms would be if the latter had brief spells of prosperity, employing labour freely, followed by periods when they ran to waste or were to let. Farming, he thinks, prospers best when about two-thirds of the holding is laid down to grass. Such farms keep, he says, a larger number of labourers than unprospering arable holdings of the same area.

THE STATISTICIAN IN THE GRANARY.—A sack of wheat contains about two million grains, and a quarter of wheat contains about as many grains as there are inhabitants within the metropolitan area. Sixty quarters would about equal in the number of grains the number of people in India. A hundred sacks of wheat contain about as many grains as years have elapsed since, according to Darwin, life first appeared upon the earth. But the figures of astronomy remain practically immeasurable. There are as many miles between the earth and Sirius as there are grains in the entire English wheat crops of the last two years! And music has like wonders of measurement to suggest, for if all the grains of wheat grown in ten years' wheat crops were added together they would barely represent the number of changes which campanologists assure us can be rung on the seemingly moderate number of seventeen bells.

DIVISION FIVE IS OUT!—There may be those among our readers to whom this sentence will appear mysterious, but what the "appearance of a new letter" is in the great dictionary of Mr. Murray, and what to the political world would be the appearance in parts of the long-promised "Beaconsfield Memoirs," that among reading agriculturists is the quarterly issue of the new "Book of the Farm." The original work of Henry Stephens was a monumental undertaking throwing the previous labours of Young and of Copland altogether into the shade. But Mr. James Macdonald, who is re-issuing Stephens, is about doubling the size of his original, and is re-writing, well certainly a clear half of the old book, as well as getting the best living authorities on agriculture to supply the new. When completed it will be one of those works which no farmer ought to be without, though undoubtedly the cost will prevent more than one out of a hundred from procuring it. For farmers on

literature are still an essentially mean and boctian class. We have known a decorator quite of the artisan class who did not grudge three guineas for a book on ornament. As he wisely said, "he would earn many three guineas out of it!" But this enlightenment among farmers is rare indeed.

THE NEW PART of the "Book of the Farm" deals with hay-making, fallows, land-drainage, the summer and autumn seasons, as seasons, the harvesting of grain, the raising of potatoes, the sowing of cereals in autumn, and the rotation of crops. All these big subjects are thoroughly "tackled" and dealt with in an exhaustive manner, while the same volume deals more incidentally with ensilage (which it declares to have exceeded all that the original Ensilage Society promised for it), bee-keeping, the stamping out of pleuro-pneumonia, and the best way of meeting the devastations of animals. There is also a good deal about poultry, together with directions for preserving eggs, preserving with lime, preserving with salt, packing eggs, rearing turkeys, geese, ducks, and pigeons, and looking after the poultry-yard at all seasons of the year. Four pages are devoted to horse-shoeing, six pages to smearing, dipping, and bathing sheep, and three pages to the birds which injure the crops.

AMONG THE BIRDS which are spoken of as injuring the crops we are sorry to see not only the pheasant, the partridge, and the wood-pigeon, but also the greenfinch, yellowhammer, seed-bunting, corn-bunting, skylark, linnet, chaffinch, crow, and rook. The sparrow of the "house" variety is included in the indictment, but the hedge-sparrow escapes. The greenfinch is credited with a predilection for oats and wheat, the yellowhammer has a penchant for oats over other grain, and so too has the seed-bunting. The appetite of the corn-bunting is less exclusive. Beans, peas, wheat, and barley are "favoured" quite as much as oats. A person named Knapp even goes so far as to assert that he has seen a corn-bunting unroof a barley stack; but Mr. Macdonald gives this statement in inverted commas, which may be taken as Scotch for "under all reserve." The editor, indeed, is as susceptible as Mr. Gilbert's Chancellor, and he puts in a touching plea to cover the delinquencies of the skylark.

THE USUAL ACCURACY of the work under notice is not exhibited when the crow and rook are said to be identical (p. 113). Even the "Old Norfolk Farmer," writing more than fifty years ago, distinguishes four different birds, naming the rook, the hooded-crow, the carrion-crow, and the raven, and distinguishing their habits. The Latin names even differ, but here the later author is right, correcting an error of his predecessor's. The verdict of Mr. Macdonald is dead against the rook, but, as he describes the habits of that bird only, the crow may fairly claim exemption, though on another page it is observed, perhaps a trifle hastily, that "the grubs which attack corn crops are wonderfully kept in check by crows which devour them greedily. Upon the whole, however, the verdict must be emphatically against a few of the more voracious birds, such as the sparrow and the crow." Here we suspect that the real crow is meant in the first place and the rook in the second. The whole chapter should be submitted to a naturalist before the book proceeds to another edition.

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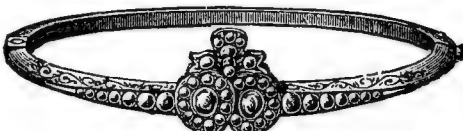
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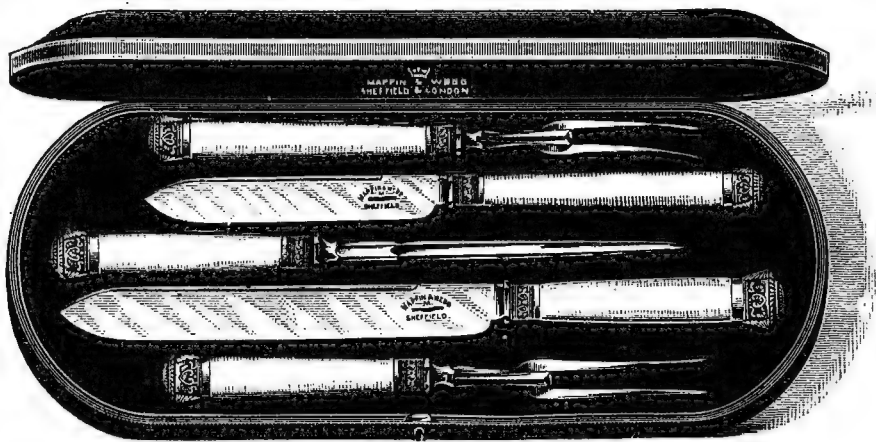
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**EGYPT, CAIRO.**—Since my arrival in Egypt, in August last, I have on three occasions been attacked by fever; on the first occasion I lay in hospital six weeks. The last attacks have been completely repulsed in a short time by the use of your valuable 'FRUIT SALT,' to which I owe my present health, at the very least, if not my life itself. Heartfelt gratitude for my restoration impels me to add my testimony to the already overwhelming store of the same, and in so doing I feel that I am but obeying the dictates of duty.—Believe me, Sir, gratefully yours, A CORPORAL, 19th Hussars, May 26, 1883.—Mr. J. C. ENO."

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**ITS SUCCESS IN EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, AMERICA, AND AUSTRALIA PROVES IT!**

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to  
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN  
and other

MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL  
FAMILY.



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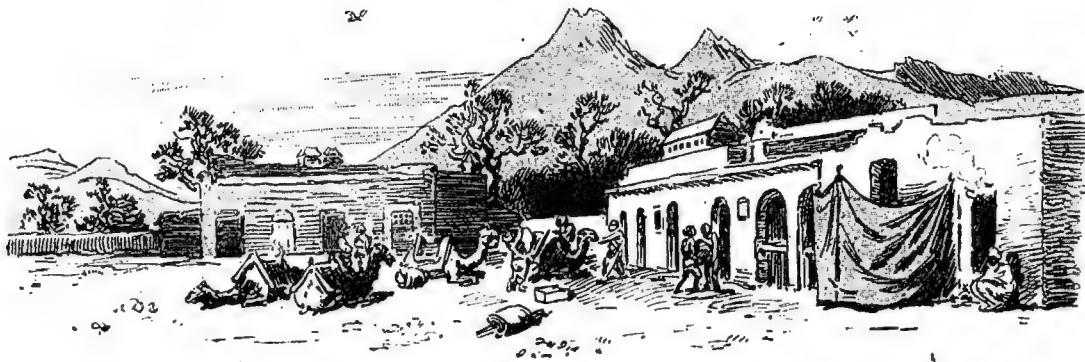
# FROM QUETTA TO KELAT



LOCAL CRITICS

lots of open ground with nullahs and karez, the usual uninteresting scenery of this part of the country.

We arranged to move on to Mastung next day, and so made an early start, going by the Nispan Pass--very cold at the start, and hot and stuffy coming down the Pass road, which is cut out of the mountain side.



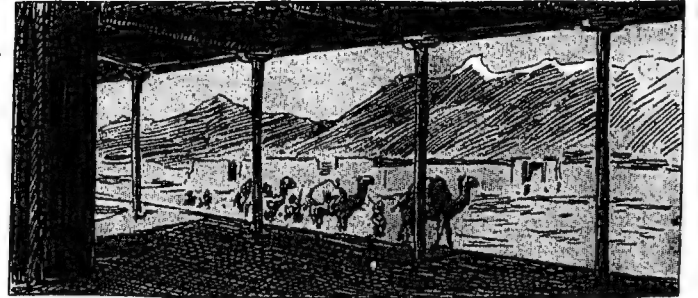
THE START

across the plain, and, as our camels had not appeared in sight for a long time, we determined to halt here, and so went in to get some water and firewood, and guides to go and meet our baggage camels and bring them in. The village was small and "orientally" dirty, the people ditto, most of them living in holes or caves in the high banks about the entrance to the main place--a small square, with a few trees and much mud and many noisy



CAMP AT PRINGABAD

We started, one bright morning (two of us), taking for our caravan, camels, to carry tents and baggage, and our ponies, and spare mules for riding. The start was, as it almost always is, a time of great worry, and necessitated much reflection and consideration as to what and who to take and how to take them respectively. Our first march was a short one to Sariab, about eight miles. There is a



SARIAB

"rest house" here, with a serai across the road, and a

We arrived at Pringabad about six in the evening, having got somewhat mixed up with the various small tracks down from the paths and

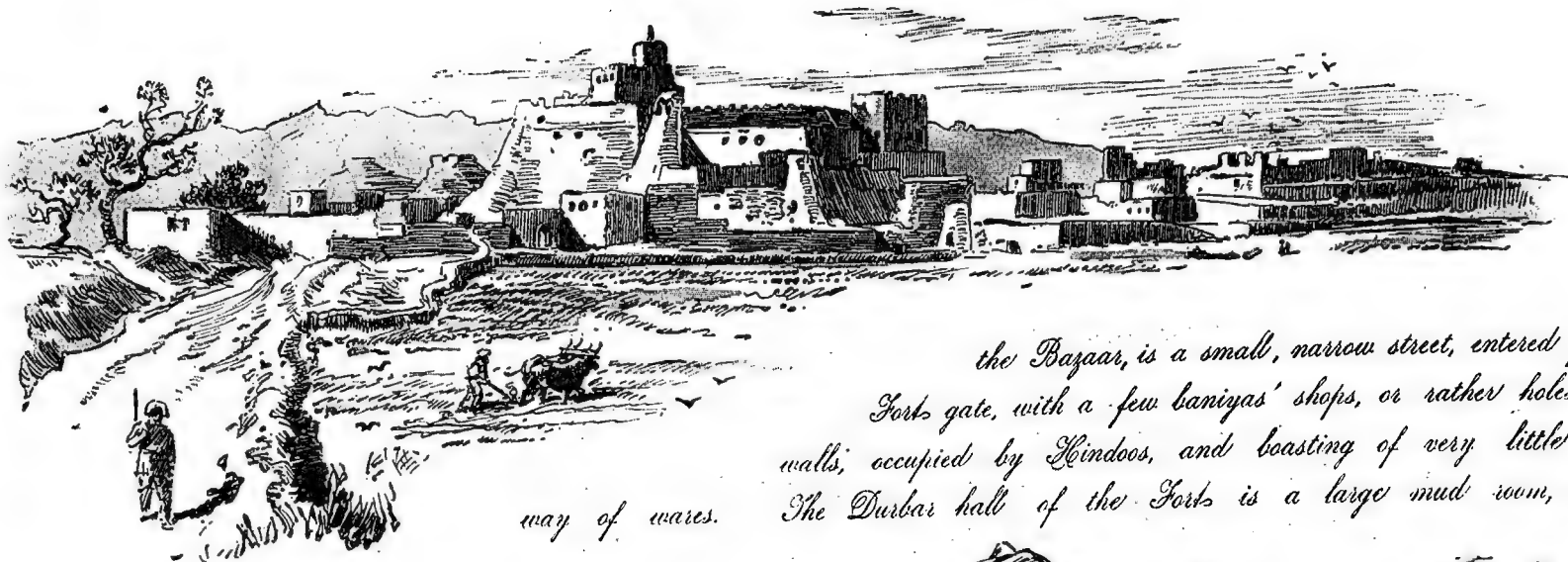


ARRIVAL AT PRINGABAD



THE HATIK

children. We pitched our small camp just outside. The cold was bitter and the people half asleep. They were much interested in our dinner, and sat in a row along a low bank, well rolled up in their clothes, and looked like great white balls--the illusion being dispelled by their incessant chatter. The Malik is a fine man, though no cleaner than the rest. Mastung looks a very picturesque place from the Kelat Road; but on entering the old mud Fort (everything, by the way, here is made of mud) we were struck with the deserted and very dirty appearance of everything. What is called, by courtesy,



MASTUNG

supported on wooden props, and the small building on the top is the Zenana or Hareem---a richety little room. From it, however, there is a very fine view all round the valley, and on the walls over the doors are some fine horns of "ghud" and "markois" which are shot all about this country.

way of wares.

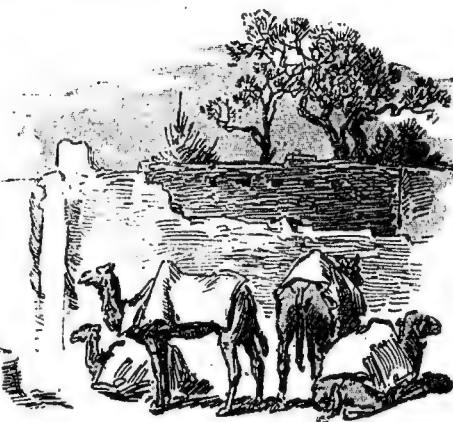
the Bazaar, is a small, narrow street, entered from the Fort's gate, with a few banyas' shops, or rather holes in the walls, occupied by Hindoos, and boasting of very little in the way of wares. The Durbar hall of the Fort is a large mud room, the roof



SOME OF THE INHABITANTS



A POSTMAN'S HORSE



CAMELS

Here is the Dab horse or postman's "gee," and it is in this way---by stages---that the mails and all communication are kept up between Quetta and Helat; the letter carriers are well armed, carrying tulwars and pistols, often a jezail, and invariably a shield of rhinoceros hide slung on the saddle. The letters are carried in a carpets saddle-bag such as are used for arm chairs at home, and these are mostly pretty and

quaint in design.

The natives were intensely interested in the preparations

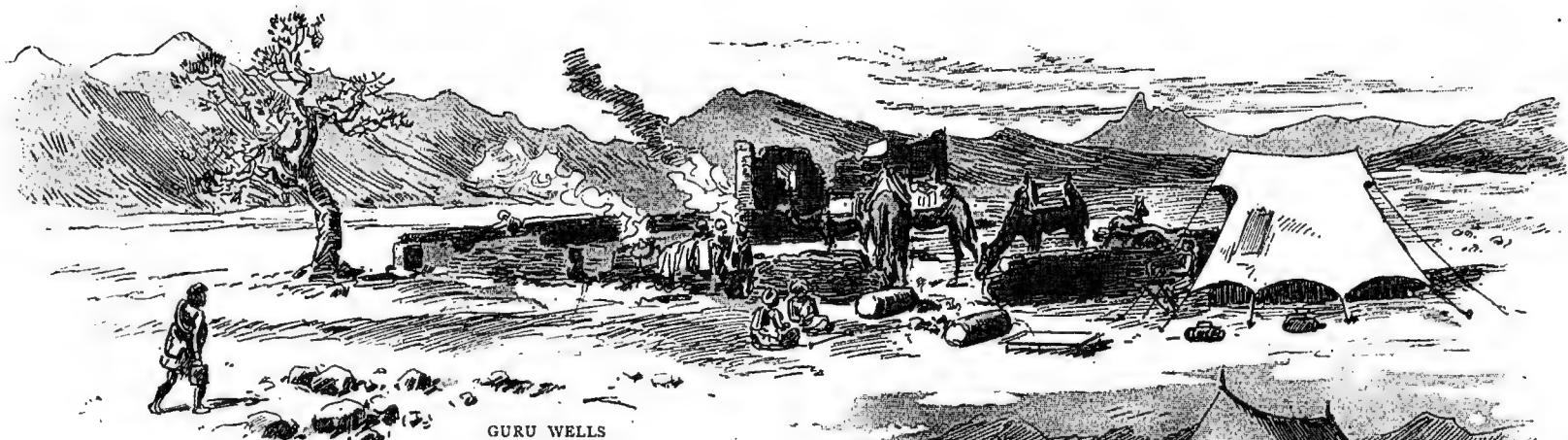
for the Sahibs' dinner, watching every action of our cook, and keeping up a lively discussion the while.

We left Mastung for Guru Hells (18 miles), and discovered a low, broken-down mud wall in the form of a square---a truly flourishing and cheerful hostelry; the wells were three in number, and all three dry, so we were in doubt about staying, though it was past sunset; but luckily one of the syces found water some three hundred yards away, so we settled down for the night, our only firewood being the bark of the very solitary tree. The road, or rather foot track, was very rough and rocky, hence the late arrival of our camels. The night was bitterly cold, so we donned our postreens and fur caps, and were truly delighted to get dinner.

Mangachar was our next station, and we found the country rough and tracks bad between Guru Hells and this halting place. We put up by the



WATCHING THE PREPARATION FOR THE SAHIB'S DINNER



GURU WELLS

posts house---a little mud hut, with a small opening for a door, and inside a litter of old guns, swords, and saddles for the postmen or mail carriers. This is a fine big valley, cultivated in patches, and lots of water. Kareys all over the country, so that we found good pigeon-shooting. We left for Kelat early next morning, and found the view at the top of the Lagani Pass splendid; a grand stretch of country before and behind us looking across both valleys; but no trees, no shade, and no water,



DINNER



MANGACHAR

As we were standing at this corner sketching, and looking at some tulwars which we wished to buy, one of the fine Belooch

mares which had just come back with some hundred others, broke loose, and dashed down past us and into the Bazaar, where we saw turbans flying and baggy pyjamas and brown feet rolling

so that we were indeed glad to meet a woodcutter, about ten miles from Kelat, with a small skin of water---especially as it had become very hot. Here is the main street, looking down into the Bazaar from near one of the Khan's stables.



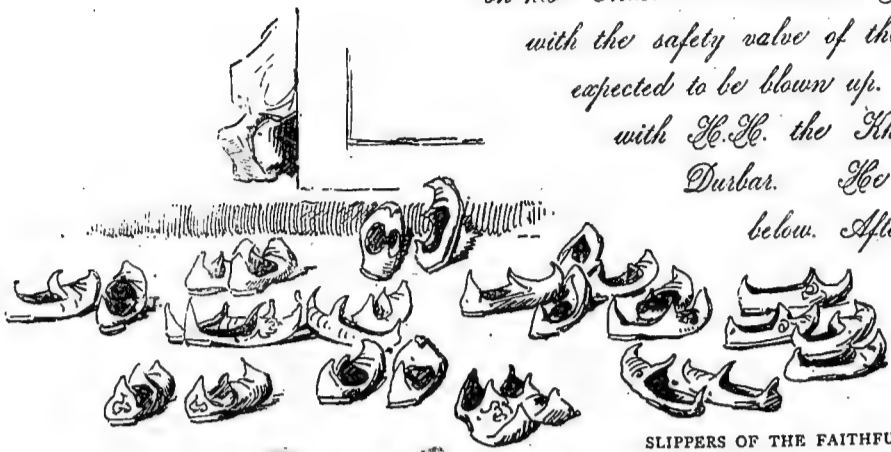
A WOODCUTTER



LOOKING DOWN INTO THE BAZAAR

over in hopeless confusion, shrieks and scurrying of people everywhere, and the Bazaar was very soon deserted. The stablemen are nearly all big Somali men---Mulatto type of face. After looking through the stables and bazaars we were taken to see Mostaffi (the Khan's Prime Minister)---a very genial, fat little man, who bought the swords we wanted at just two-thirds the price we had been asked. He entertained us with tea (Russian), his friends squatting round us, we sitting

on his "Masnad" or cushion. We were somewhat alarmed by the way in which they would play with the safety valve of the big Russian Samovar, which was at high steam pressure, and expected to be blown up. After tea we were taken up into the Fort to have an interview with H.H. the Khan, where we found him surrounded with his courtiers in Durbar. He was much pleased with his portrait, and wrote his signature below. After our interview, a procession was formed, and we found ourselves filing down the long, dark, narrow passage from the Durbar and living rooms of the Khan to an open sort of arena near the stables. Here was a double wall, on the lower



SLIPPERS OF THE FAITHFUL



INTERVIEWING THE KHAN'S PRIME MINISTER



THE KHAN

ledge of which was spread a carpet; we marched on to this and sat down. the body guard, a dirty lot of ragamuffins with old "Brown Besses," hanging on all round. Then the performance commenced. Specimens of all the Khan's animals were led past in a seemingly endless procession, the camels being very fine specimens.

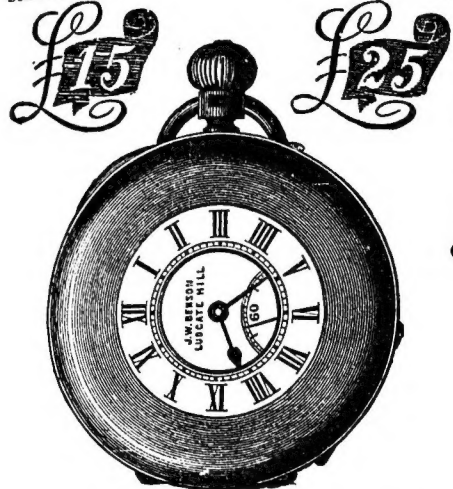


AT THE KHAN OF KHELATERIES

After seeing all this, we were entertained with a dog fight. Luckily the dogs were not "keen," so we were spared a disgusting spectacle, and as it was getting late, we rose and made our "salaams," the Khan swearing eternal friendship, with the usual flowery Oriental speeches and professions of loyalty to Our Gracious Sovereign. He had spent a pleasant and novel Holiday, and started for home well pleased with our expedition.

A. H. Crawford McFall

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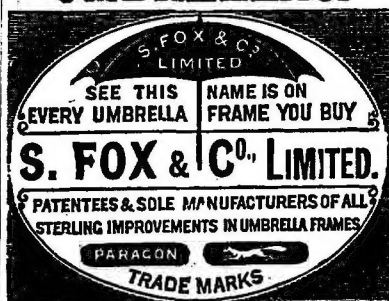
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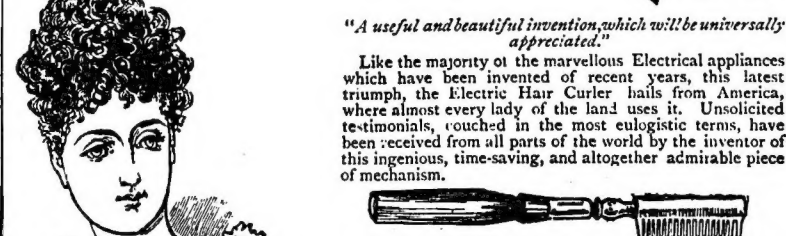
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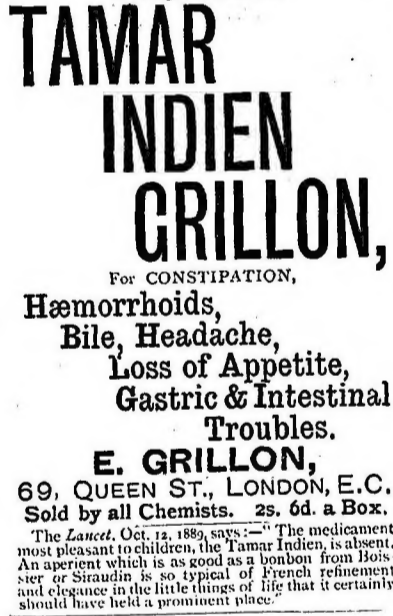


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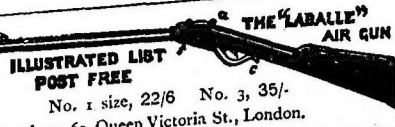
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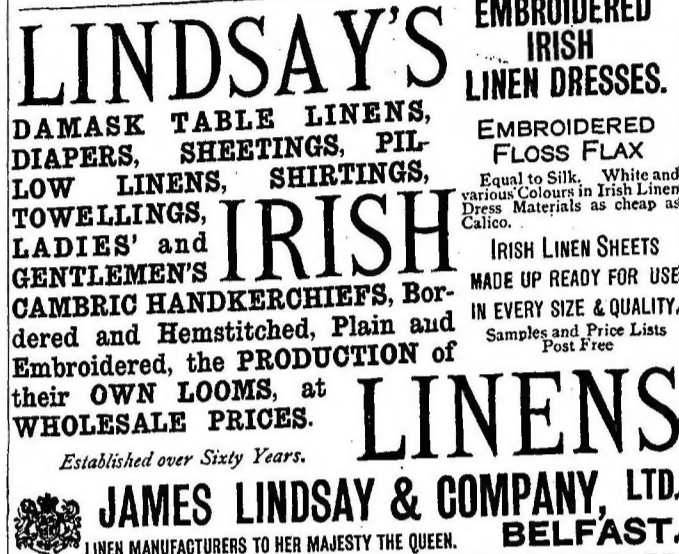
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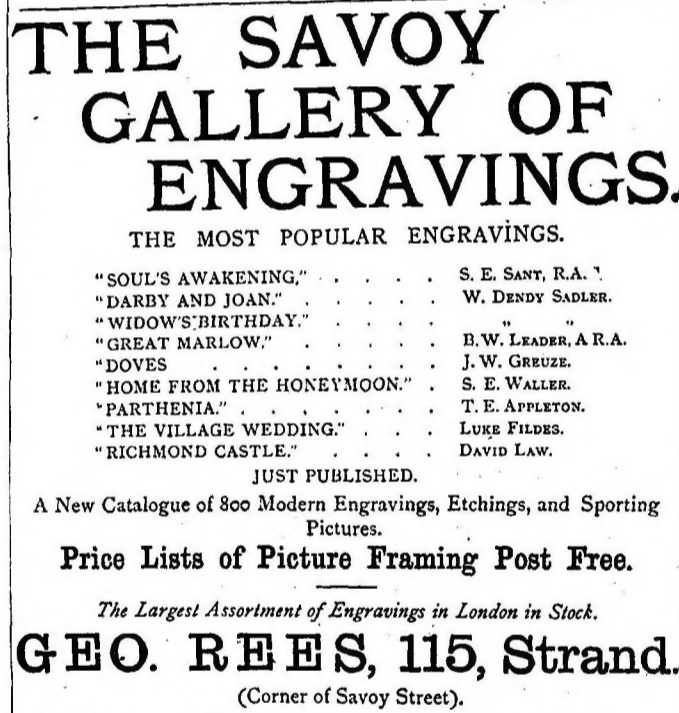
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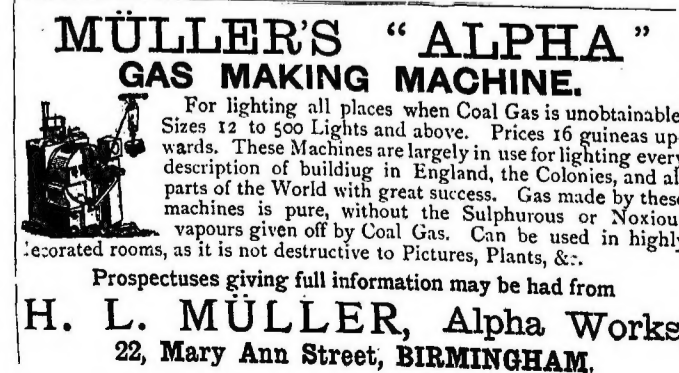
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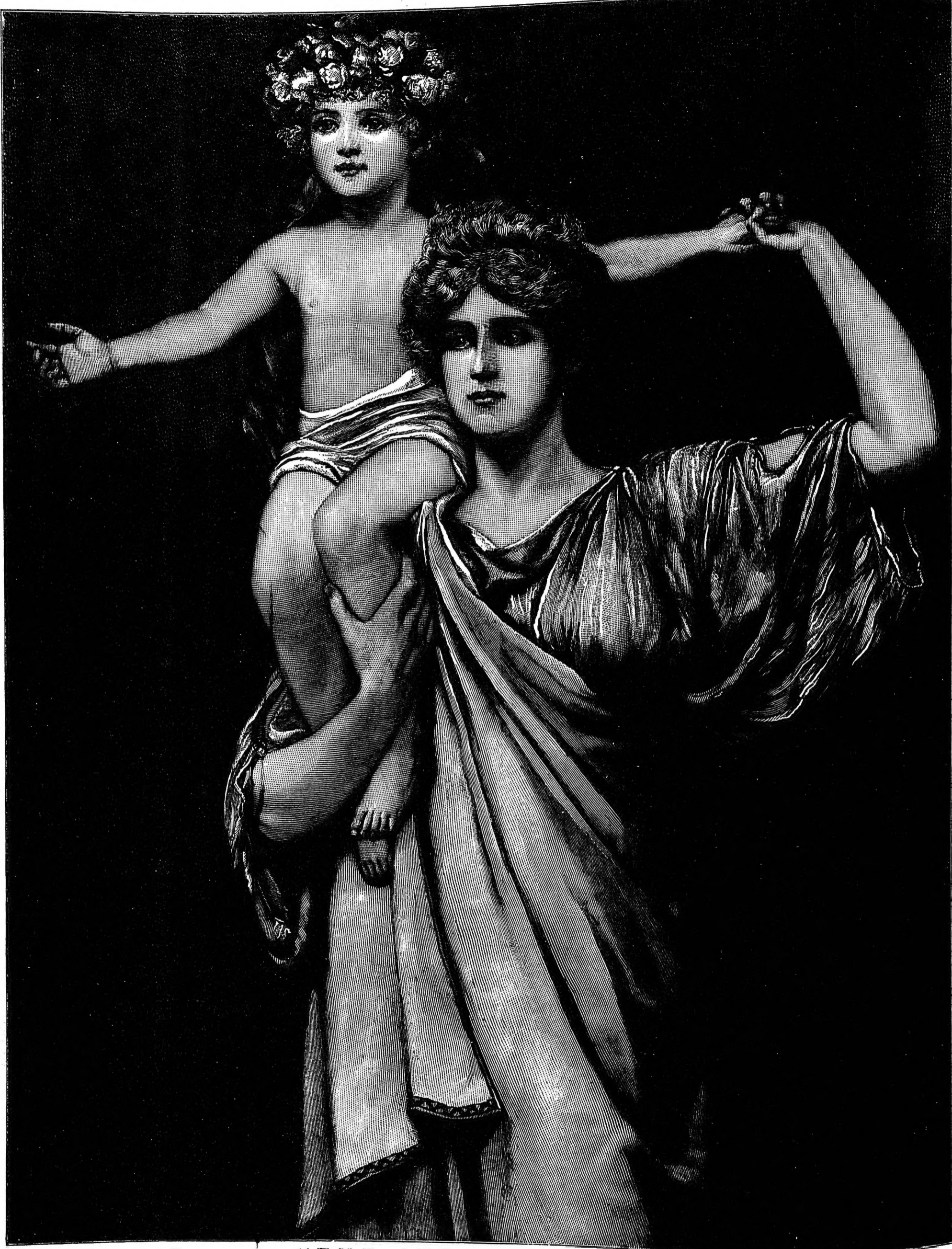
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